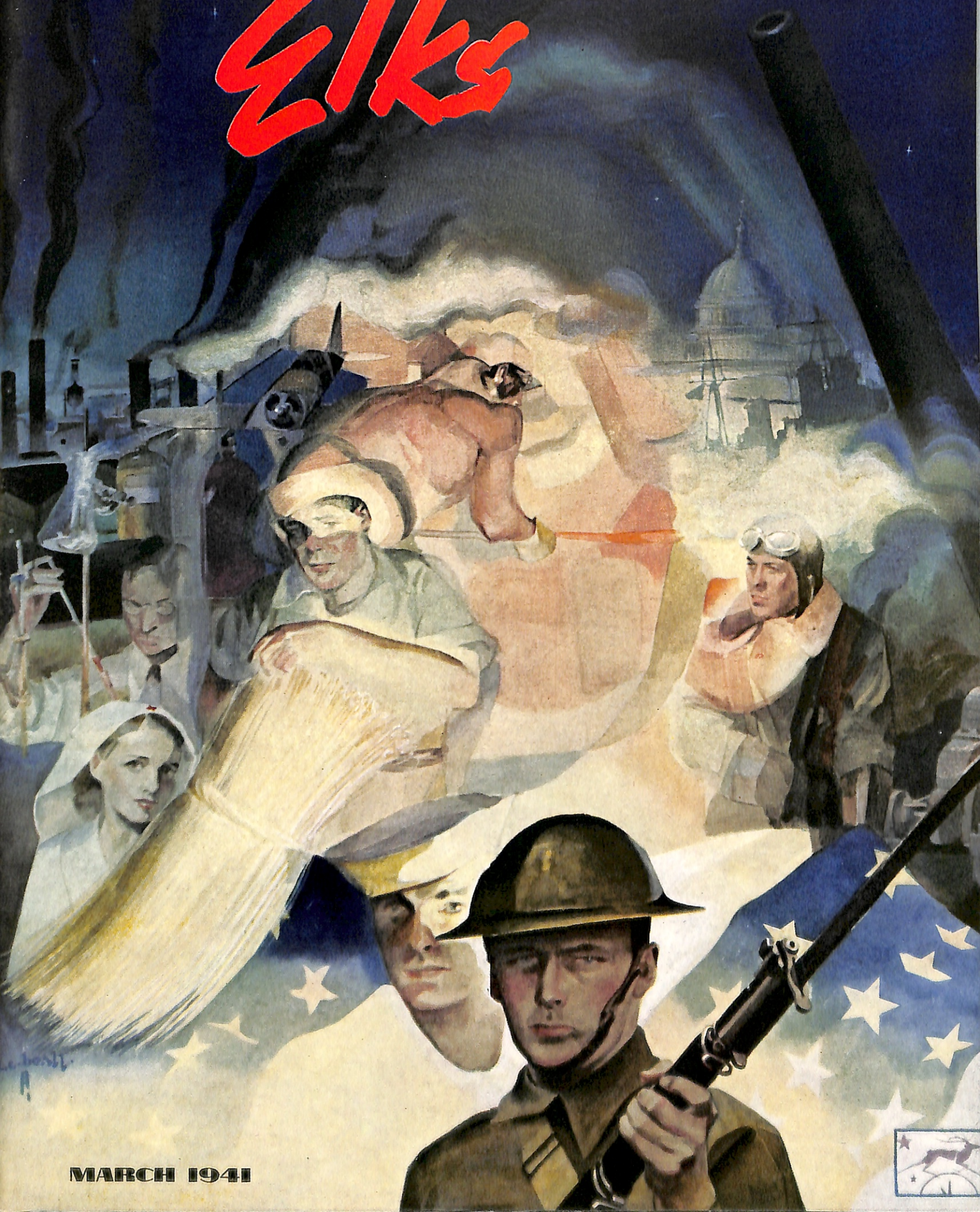


THE

MAGAZINE

# Elks



MARCH 1941







OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT  
out in front with Chesterfields  
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

*Sure an' the  
Big Parade's to*

*Chesterfield*

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

*They Satisfy*





# **A MESSAGE** *from the* **GRAND** **EXALTED RULER**

## **MY BROTHERS:**

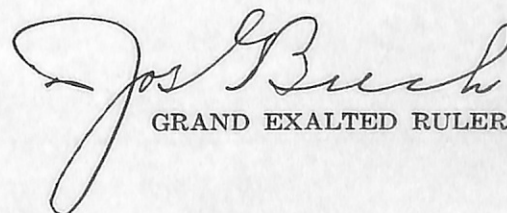
Important, indeed, for Elkdom are the days just ahead. March is the final month in office for the Exalted Rulers of over 1400 Elks lodges, and March likewise will see the elevation of new leaders to the high responsibility of this office. On their shoulders will rest the task of charting the activities of the subordinate lodges for the coming twelve months. The success of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks is dependent, in a large measure, on the calibre of men selected to fill the various lodge offices, and I urge that all members who hold the good of our Order at heart attend their meetings this month so that the best possible leaders may be chosen, but always remember the programs of your officers can only be successfully completed with the full cooperation of all members.

The Elks have accomplished much during the past year and foundations have been laid for the future. To the men who are leaving office, after a year of service as heads of the lodges, I extend my thanks for their earnestness and zeal. May I ask you, who are now laying down the mantle of leadership, to continue your interest in the lodge. You know its problems and you can be of great assistance to your successors. Many feel that their work is done when they turn over their gavel, but I would like to say to you that your greatest work can be accomplished after you leave the chair and once more assume the role of a member. Experience has proved that by the elevation of the new leaders, together with the wise guidance and help of those who have acquired the knowledge and experience of a year of leadership, the greatest benefits are brought to the


lodges, its activity stimulated and its prestige in the community greatly enhanced.

May I commend also the work of the committees that handled the national defense program in so many of our lodges. The Elks National Defense Commission has done a fine piece of work through its poster and essay contest and I feel that we are better Americans as a result of the work we, as Elks, are doing to aid our national defense.

The sands of time are running fast and while July now seems a long way off it gives but a few months to prepare for our National Convention, which will be held this year in Philadelphia. Now, more than ever before, it is necessary for Elkdom to show its loyalty to our country and proudly proclaim that we are true Americans. I would like to have every lodge in our great Order represented at this next Convention and I urge that you prepare now. Those who can send Ritualistic Teams and bands should begin their preparations so that when the Convention Committee sends out its notices there will be no delay in the filing of acceptances. Let us make this Convention the biggest and best ever.

  
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Ewing Galloway





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## THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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## THIS MONTH

### We Present—

ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE is with us for the first time with a moving story of a young German boy in this country who is torn between the teachings of Naziism and the American Way. Miss (or, better, Mrs.) Wye is a graduate of Radcliff in New England. Her literary agent assures us that she is red-headed, blue-eyed and of surpassing loveliness, intelligence and charm. A very paragon. You can take that or leave it. As for us, we can only assure you that she writes an excellent story. Her fiction has been published here, in England and in Canada, despite the fact that her work-room is partly papered with rejection slips. Incidentally, she is just twenty-eight.

WORTHAM WYATT is a euphonious collection of syllables which masks a well-known writer. We suspect that the purpose of this disguise is to avoid paying alimony to his fourth wife, who has been close on his trail for years. As a matter of fact, it's none of our business, we just thought we'd pass it on. Mr. Wyatt's article, "One Man Navy", is part of the story of John Paul Jones, one of the most fascinating and tragic characters in American history. It's a labor of love, as we happen to know that Mr. Wortham (or, is it Wyatt?) plans a stage play about the same character in the near future. Here's wishing him every success.

ON THE back inside cover there is a short piece on the coming Convention in Philadelphia. There has been a lot of talk down through the years about what a dead-head town Philly is. Now, it's a rash thing to come right out and contradict an impression that's been growing for such a long time—but that's what we're going to do. Take it from us (and, believe me, we *know*) there's nothing dead about Quakertown. Why, there's a little. . . . Well, that's something you can find out for yourselves when you get there.

ON PAGE 56 is an appeal from the Grand Exalted Ruler to go out and get some new members, that it might repay everyone to read.

Kiley Taylor, Ed Faust, Ray Trullinger, Harry Hansen and Stanley Frank are with us as usual, and as usual their articles are excellent. Mr. Frank is particularly interesting on the subject of feuds in big-time athletics in the past few years. He rehashes some of the old ones and has a few new ones of his own to intrigue you.

J. B. S.



# Cream of Kentucky

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90 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City







EVERY time I pick up a newspaper now, or listen to the radio, I think of Franz. I think of Hugh, sometimes, too. But it is usually Franz who comes back to me. I try to imagine that eager chin jutting from an impersonal, square, steel helmet in line with other chins. I think of that careless arm, banded by a swastika, raised in the Nazi salute beside hundreds of other arms. I try to see Franz marching into conquered territory in step with

thousands of other Franzes. But all I can really see is a Kennilbury prep schoolboy in maroon trunks and sweatshirt.

His last words echo in my ears. "There'll be no war, Mrs. Allen." And when I ask Tom what he supposes Franz is doing now, Tom says lightly, "Oh, he's probably enjoying himself." But I wonder.

Franz went back to Germany last summer, and Hugh to England. Tom is now at Princeton. But just a few

months ago they were all at Kennilbury, sharing the rookery which rambled under the eaves of the main school building from Mr. Earnshaw's faintly Oriental study, past halls and bedrooms to the boys' study.

I first heard about the rookery when my independent young son, Tom, stripped the pennants from the walls of his first room because his first roommate played bridge for money, rough-housed all over the place and turned on the radio in





There was a poppy design in the wallpaper and Tom's father tore it down. He said he never wanted to see poppies again.

The American way was difficult for Franz to understand. But that was a long time ago—as far back as the spring of 1939.

# The Road Home

By Elizabeth Inskip Wye

study hours, which was against the rules. It was expediency, however, and not moral indignation that drove Tom to make the change.

From all accounts, John Storm was a weak but engaging boy, popular socially, but hanging on to the acceptable scholastic standard with very slippery fingers. There was no rosin on Tom's fingers, either, and he suddenly realized that he would have to study to pass the college entrance examinations. The best stu-

dents in the school were the two exchange scholars, Hugh from England, and Franz from Germany. Tom moved into the rookery with them.

Doting mother though I am, I could never quite understand why Tom was always a leader. His tongue was sharp with elaborate adolescent scorn, his temper was as bright as his shining red hair, and he never had the slightest reverence for the authority vested in teachers and principals. When I was a schoolgirl

I used to quake at a teacher's reprimand, and I'd cross the street to avoid the painful ordeal of meeting them outside school. But Tom treated teachers with the same easy assurance with which he treated his contemporaries. He was never awed by anyone.

That was why my normal interest in Tom's new roommates gradually changed into prickling curiosity. Tom had always led. Now it began to look as if he were following. Tom's ideas had always been the best. Now someone else's ideas were given a play. Tom had never been impressed before, but he was impressed now.

As I deciphered Tom's hurried scrawls from school, I thought it must be Hugh's influence. Tom wrote that he would like to apply for a scholarship to England. He said that he could spend his vacations at Hugh's home. I thought then that Tom for all his self-sufficiency had fallen, like so many other Americans, under the spell of the British.

But when Hugh came down for the Christmas vacation, I began to doubt it. Very red of face, Tom would stamp from the house leaving Hugh for me to entertain.

"You're not very kind," I told him one day. "How would you feel if you were all alone in England, and your English friend were rude to you?"

"You don't understand, mother," growled Tom. "He's such a damn fool. I know he's trying to be friendly but when he comes along behind me and gives me a terrific sock, I can't feel very friendly to him. Why can't he be natural?"

"It's because he's shy and you're very hot-headed. He doesn't understand the informal give and take of American boys, and when he flips off your hat or slaps you on the back, it's just his way of trying to enter in."

But the next time, when Hugh knocked Tom's shins with a golf-club, in an excess of high spirits, the whole performance was repeated.

When I asked Tom about the English scholarship, he snorted. "I've changed my mind about that," he said. "I don't want to wear those sissy suits and hats."

"But when everybody else wears them—"

"Aw, they're silly. I'd rather go to Germany where they give you uniforms. . . . They're not sending any boys to Germany now, though," he added casually.

So it was Franz, not Hugh, whose mark was upon my son. That was when I felt the first real thrust of unrest. Tom couldn't know how I felt, of course. He couldn't see the shuttling threads of my thoughts.

There was that first little house we moved into after Tom's father came back from France. It was freshly decorated with poppy designed wallpaper, but Tom's father tore the paper down. He said he never wanted to see poppies again.

Tom's father had wanted to be a



surgeon but he used those long fingers on a rifle trigger, and when he came back an arm was gone. He died shortly after Tom was born. Tom would never know what the war had cost both of us.

Tom was all I had left. He would probably have wriggled with embarrassment if I had tried to tell him what he meant to me. He was an eighteen-year investment: the baby I had nursed, the child I had spanked, the boy I had washed behind the ears. Those ears were still not as clean as they should be, but that wouldn't matter in the trenches. Tom was only eighteen, but he was old enough to fight.

Franz was not a person to me then. He was the symbol of a system which threatened the peace of the world and the safety and security of everyone in it. So the fact that he was in New Jersey, in Kennilbury, in the very rooms with Tom, seemed to make the threat more immediate, more frightening.

After Tom returned to school, I tried to make Franz come alive as I read Tom's letters. I tried to pin the phantom of my thoughts in a boy's sturdy frame.

"Franz received the highest English mark in the form this quarter. That's not fair. Obviously a German can't write English as well as an American. Franz is swell at math, though. Remember Storm, that crazy coot I roomed with at first? Every time an exam comes up he parks on Franz's trail. If I were Franz I wouldn't bother with him, but Franz seems to realize the struggle Storm's mother is having to keep him in school better than Storm does. Storm is going to get into trouble one of these days if he doesn't stop taking chances."

"Franz is so proud. He won't take any money from us so he can never go to the movies or anything. That's because he's not allowed to get any money out of Germany. The other day Hugh's father sent him a check for 20 pounds. (\$100 to you, Mom.) He hid \$30 in Franz's desk. When Franz found it, Hugh said he didn't know anything about it. I didn't know anything about it, either, of course. But Franz wouldn't touch it. Franz is a swell guy, so long as you're careful about *certain topics*."

"About the spring vacation, of course Hugh wants to come. But as I told you a dozen times before, Franz was left all alone at school Christmas and Hugh has promised to stay here with him this time. Franz would love to come, but he hasn't got a cent for carfare. He refuses to let either Hugh or me pay for him. When are you going to get the new car you've been talking about since we turned in Betsey? Maybe if you drove up for us, Franz would be convinced he wasn't putting us to any expense."

So I drove up for the three boys.

I thought it was a pity for Franz to come to this country and never visit an American home. But more than that, I wanted to find out what Franz was like. I wanted to know.

There were three desks in the rookery study which told more about Tom and Hugh and Franz than they realized. I saw them for the first time that fresh spring afternoon.

"Bet you can guess which desk I use," said Tom, a wide grin dividing his freckled face.

Yes, I could easily guess. It was the untidiest desk of the three. Books, plump with papers, strained at their bindings. Fanned over them were swing orchestrations weighted down by a clarinet and an unstrung tennis racket. On the wall above the desk, a Princeton pennant topped Esquire cartoons and a movie magazine clipping of Deanna Durbin.

"How do you ever study at that?" I asked with mild reproach. But I knew the long swipe of the arm which would clear the surface in a flash.

Tom hurriedly pointed to Hugh's desk to forestall any further comment. Hugh's desk didn't seem very exciting in a boy's way, but it showed a certain maturity Tom had not yet attained. A set of English Victorian novels in matched leather bindings sat decorously between their bookends. A five-year diary on one corner of the desk waited to receive the English boy's impressions of America. He had told me all about that during the Christmas vacation.

"Franz's desk—"

I could almost hear the click of heels as I looked at that desk. It was standing smartly at attention. Schoolbooks—and schoolbooks alone—were regimented in a disciplined column at the rear. There was only one ornament, shining like a medal in its silver frame, a photograph of Hitler.

"Oh, Tom," I murmured uselessly. "Why didn't you make friends with the boys who'll go on to college with you—"

"Those wet smacks!" It was characteristic of Tom to take an instant dislike to anyone who might benefit him. He inherited that from his father.

"You really should be more orderly," I went on. "But the order of Franz's desk represents something I don't like very much. I prefer yours."

"Gosh, don't let Mr. Earnshaw hear you say it. He could give me a couple of work hours for this. Franz never gets any work hours, the lucky bum. He certainly got used to obeying rules in the school he came from."

"Well, you'd better start packing if you're coming with me," I told him. I strolled over to the window and looked out at the blue-bonneted New Jersey hills. "Hasn't Franz changed his ideas at all since he's been in this country?" I added.

"No," he replied, startled. "His ideas work out all right for him. He's got some pretty good ones."

Illustrated by  
MARIO COOPER

"Franz," I said suddenly, "If you saw Hugh coming over the trenches would you shoot at him?" "Yes," he said grimly, "I would."

I turned around swiftly. "What ideas?"

Tom had dragged a suitcase from the closet, and was unsnapping the locks. "They don't treat you like kids over there, they treat you like men. Just a minute, I'll show you." He bounded over to Franz's desk and pulled open the lower drawer. A paper backed pamphlet was in his hand as he came toward me. "See that guy?" Tom pointed to the illustrated page. "That's a friend of Franz's—" The photograph showed German soldiers marching into the "liberated" Sudeten land.

My fingers shook a little as I took the book, flicked through the pages. The text in German, English and French was the usual rationalization of Nazi aggression.

"This is very silly, Tom," I said quietly. "Please don't read any more of this stuff."

Familiar lines of stubbornness deepened around Tom's mouth. He fed on opposition, and I knew this was not the way to handle him. But I went right on. "You wouldn't like to be in Franz's place. You'd get sick of it very soon. You'd get much worse than work hours if you took the chances with German discipline, you take here. Just remember that Franz has nothing to give you that is better than what you have."

Mr. Earnshaw saved me by entering the room. Tom dashed out, muttering that he had to get dressed.

"Where is Franz now?" I asked the energetic young master. "I haven't met him, as yet you know."

"He'll be along presently. I think he's helping Storm with his math down in the Common Room. Franz is in danger of being imposed upon."

I didn't want to seem like one of those prying mothers who must haunt the dreams of schoolmasters, but there were questions I wanted answered. "I've just seen some pamphlets—" I said tentatively.

"Oh, that propaganda." Mr. Earnshaw dismissed it airily. "I think







it's safe to say that Franz is the only one who believes it. It's strange that he still believes it after being here, but the Nazis prime a boy well before they send him, and the boy returns to Germany as faithful to Hitler as when he left. It's the American boys in Germany who change." Mr. Earnshaw dug in his pocket and drew out a worn bill-fold. "This is the American boy who went last year . . ." He passed me the snap-

shot. A youth in Nazi uniform glared back at me, stiff with importance. "We didn't send a boy to Germany this year," he added.

"Doesn't Franz read our newspapers?"

"Oh yes, he reads them. All lies, he says. He's pasting a scrap book of clippings to take back to Hitler."

I drew a deep breath. "You're sure he doesn't influence the boys here?"

Mr. Earnshaw chuckled. "All

they're interested in is how far Franz can put the shot. His ideas are his own business."

Tom and Hugh burst into the room simultaneously.

"Oh, Mrs. Allen. How do you do?" Hugh stood there a moment, shifting his weight awkwardly. His thin face was both friendly and shy as he suddenly shook my hand with a quick, little jerk.

*(Continued on page 44)*



How would the most brilliant naval commander of his time look on the enormous problems of the hour? What would his answer be?

# ONE MAN NAVY

By Wortham Wyatt

**L**IKE a flaming sword, the spirit of John Paul Jones flashes through this tense period of re-arming to preserve the identical ideals for which he fought successfully 164 years ago.

This is the man who raised the first naval ensign of the Continental Congress, commanded the first American ship of the line, who made history when he reported from France to Congress on February 12, 1778: "I am happy in having seen the American Flag for the first time recognized in the fullest and amplest manner by the Flag of France".

This is the man who said, "I will have nothing to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go into harm's way!"

Never once did he belittle or appease an opponent. Fearlessly, despite continued congressional bickering and "investigation", he carried the prowess of the new Republic to the courts of Europe, building prestige at a time when freedom could readily have slipped through its grasp forever.

Few soldiers of the sea have made so memorable a record. He never failed in promised tasks. He defied lies and decried calumnies. He bowed to vested authority, but when need arose he threw tradition to the winds. He was never overtaken, never boarded. Blazing his way to the peak of his profession, he never lost a battle. His victories built up the fighting front of our country at a time when it faced far greater force, when it was barely able to set up its principles of freedom.

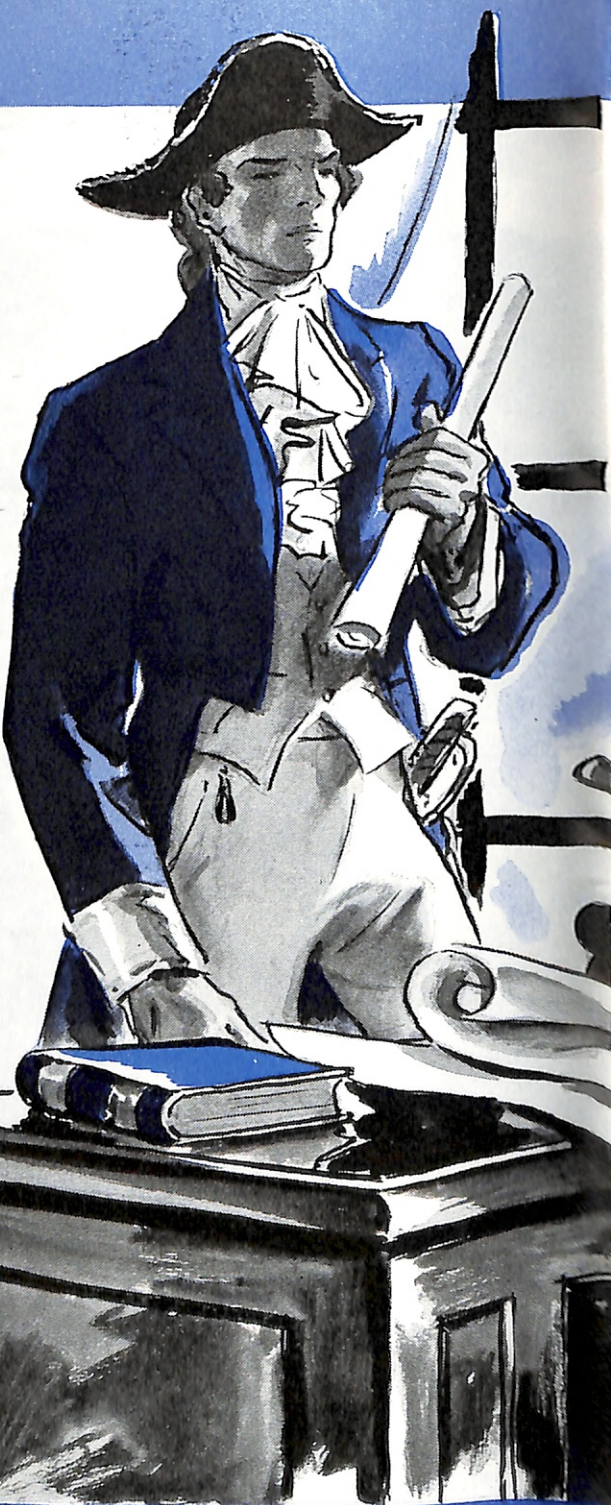
What and where he came from matters less than the influences that molded him to the purposes of American liberty. He was born (1747) in the middle of an era filled with startling theories and wide unrest. The new order which today holds our kind of civilization together, was coming vigorously to life. Holland,

Spain, England, France fought not so much for dynasties as for the general wealth, fought as sea-trading countries, jealously reaching out for the resources of India, America and the faraway islands of allure. Commerce boomed. Nations needed, as never before, the intelligent co-operation of their citizens at home and in their colonies; the great middle classes came to the saddle. It was their insight and ability which in turn set governments to fighting the frankly economic wars which lifted everyday people to power.

Out of this class came John Paul, one of the thousands of Scotsmen who, year after year, quit Britain for the American colonies—a bitter migration beginning when England defeated Scotland at Culloden, and finally brought her into the Commonwealth. John Paul hated England with dour intensity, and admired America with matching fervor.

He saw it first when he was barely fifteen, a young apprentice on the trading sloop *Friendship*, out of Whitehaven, near his birthplace at Albigland on the Solway Firth. The ship was ending a long voyage at the flourishing port of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. Through town and countryside, in taverns, churches, assemblies, John Paul studied these earnest, active people, far removed from the mother country; and he took time to dream of freedom of his own.

To get ahead the faster, he discarded his peaceful business activities for the dangers of slave traffic. For this, of course, he has been blackened; justly, perhaps, for slave-running was a



Illustrated by W. EMERTON HEITLAND





shocking practice. It is nevertheless easy to forget that slavery was as legitimate a business in holy Boston as in high-church Charleston or wanton New Orleans.

When John Paul turned twenty he had been two years in the business, sailing between African Guinea and the West Indies, especially Martinique; and that was long enough. He detested it—holds full of chained men and women, under vile conditions, miserable, terrified, breeding sickness and death. John Paul cursed the day he saw them, for he himself contracted an African fever from the stinking holds. It attacked him recurrently during the balance of his life, and hastened his death.

By 1773 he was owner of the trading vessel *Betsy*, hard working and highly regarded, with a dependable flair for organization and management. In fact, he was doing so well that the trouble which dogged him throughout his life apparently had to intrude. It came suddenly, through the fault of his own impetuous nature, bringing a bitter self-condemnation that never left him. He killed a man of the *Betsy's* crew, as she

lay in the harbor of Tobago, ran him through with the practiced hand of a swordsman. There was plenty of provocation—armed insubordination—but the circumstances were most unfavorable. An unpaid crew had spread hostile reports through the island. Once before, Jones had been in difficulty there because of his determined discipline. The idle seamen and the townsmen became a roaring mob. Jones welcomed a trial, but his friends feared the outcome. He fled for his life, and took ship on the other side of the island.

He disappeared as John Paul for nearly two years. When he was next seen in public, it was as John Paul Jones, well turned-out, perfectly poised, in attendance upon the second Continental Congress in Philadelphia, 1775. What he had done in the meantime, with no command, funds, identity, is clouded. One can be sure that he was in the midst of action somewhere. Records show that various highly placed Americans had become his friends and learned his worth. He was never backward in putting himself in the company of the great. John Adams said that he was "leprous with vanity".

In Philadelphia he was much observed. His effort was to participate in the formation of the proposed navy. Unfortunately, his friends helped less than they should, for Congress was having one of its earliest rowdy-dowdy controversies over procedure. Although everyone agreed upon the need of checking the overseas supplies to the British, with General Washington demanding it, our first batch of politicians split their throats arguing the necessity of spending the money. This was

Paul Jones' first experience with the American Congress which was to criticize and let him down from 1776 until his death.

When the burbling oratory ended, the better minds were agreed that an actual start must begin at once. Four new ships comprised the first navy: the *Columbus*, the *Alfred*, the *Andria Doria* and the *Cabot*, with Ezekial Hopkins as commander-in-chief. Of the officers announced, Paul Jones was the last.

In three months' time he was pulling his commander-in-chief out of a

To Benjamin Franklin, Jones made his first full and bitter confession of the killing of the seaman in Tobago.





difficult impasse; and in five months—that is, by May, 1776—he became captain of the war frigate *Providence*. Nor was this advancement due to anything but his own ability and performance.

Congress could scarcely have made a more unfortunate selection than Commodore Hopkins, a political appointee without vision or leadership. Starting showily, set on a spectacular victory to lull Congress into approval, Hopkins headed the squadron to the Bahamas, where large supplies of British powder were concentrated. But when he helplessly faced the forts, it was Paul Jones' knowledge of the islands that showed him how to capture both the stores of ammunition and the capital, Nassau.

Returning to New York waters, and overtaken by British men-of-war, Jones just missed a victory because Hopkins lost his head and ordered a retreat so disastrous that the entire squadron was scattered or sunk. Jones alone came out of the debacle unscathed, though Congress was too violent, and the public too disgusted, to give praise to anyone concerned. But Hopkins knew, and, as a matter of common sense, he turned the *Providence* over to Jones, his first independent naval assignment.

In six weeks' time, sailing a vessel with only twelve guns and seventy in the crew, Jones captured eight British ships and destroyed eight more. It was an astounding accomplishment, enough to supply spoils and acclaim, prestige for the navy and the commander. Almost at once he was off again, engaged this time in an attack on Newfoundland. He ran a greater risk than he realized. The Newfoundland assignment had been specifically laid upon Hopkins. Conscious of his own weakness in attack, Hopkins thrust the task on Jones, who promptly turned it into a typically Paul Jones success. Returning, he proudly reported his success to General Washington, and paid his men out of his own pocket, since Congress could not or would not do it for him.

One would think that Jones' reputation was now established, that the whole seaboard would cheer, that Congress would praise and reward him. Nothing so logical followed. In his absence Hopkins had vented his jealousy by permitting a suit for damages of \$50,000 against Jones. Hopkins had previously sanctioned the action that caused the suit, which was nothing more important than Jones' raiding a privateer and seizing some of his own crew who had deserted.

To make matters worse for Jones, a fever of suspicion rose against the foreign notables fighting in the army





and navy. Hopkins apparently included Jones in this suspected category. Garrulous politicians called him alien, and John Adams damned him further as a "foreigner from the South!"

Jones hurried to Philadelphia, only to find that Congress had drawn a new roster of naval commanders while he was away. In it he was listed as eighteenth in point of precedence. By his reckoning and his commission, he was the fifth in line. Thirteen men who were brevetted after himself had superseded him. Not one had accomplished a tithe of Jones' results, and some had been subordinates on his own ships. No amount of explanation availed. The president of the Continental Congress, John Hancock, claimed to

have lost the original commission, which would have proved his case.

This was additionally shocking to Jones, because he had already taken the precaution to have his position verified, two months earlier. Doubtful as he was of Hopkins' staying qualities, Jones had carried the commission which Hopkins issued him directly to Hancock—the highest authority in the matter—and requested official confirmation. Hancock granted it. Yet it was never officially found. Of such was the gratitude of our rustic political kings.

Angry and hurt, Jones conducted himself admirably. "When I entered into the Service," he said, "I was not actuated by motives of self-interest. I stepped forward as a free citizen of the world in defense of the violated rights of mankind." To be silent and wait was difficult for a man so ambitious and active. Yet while he waited he had the satisfaction of watching Hopkins overplay his hand and fall out of congressional

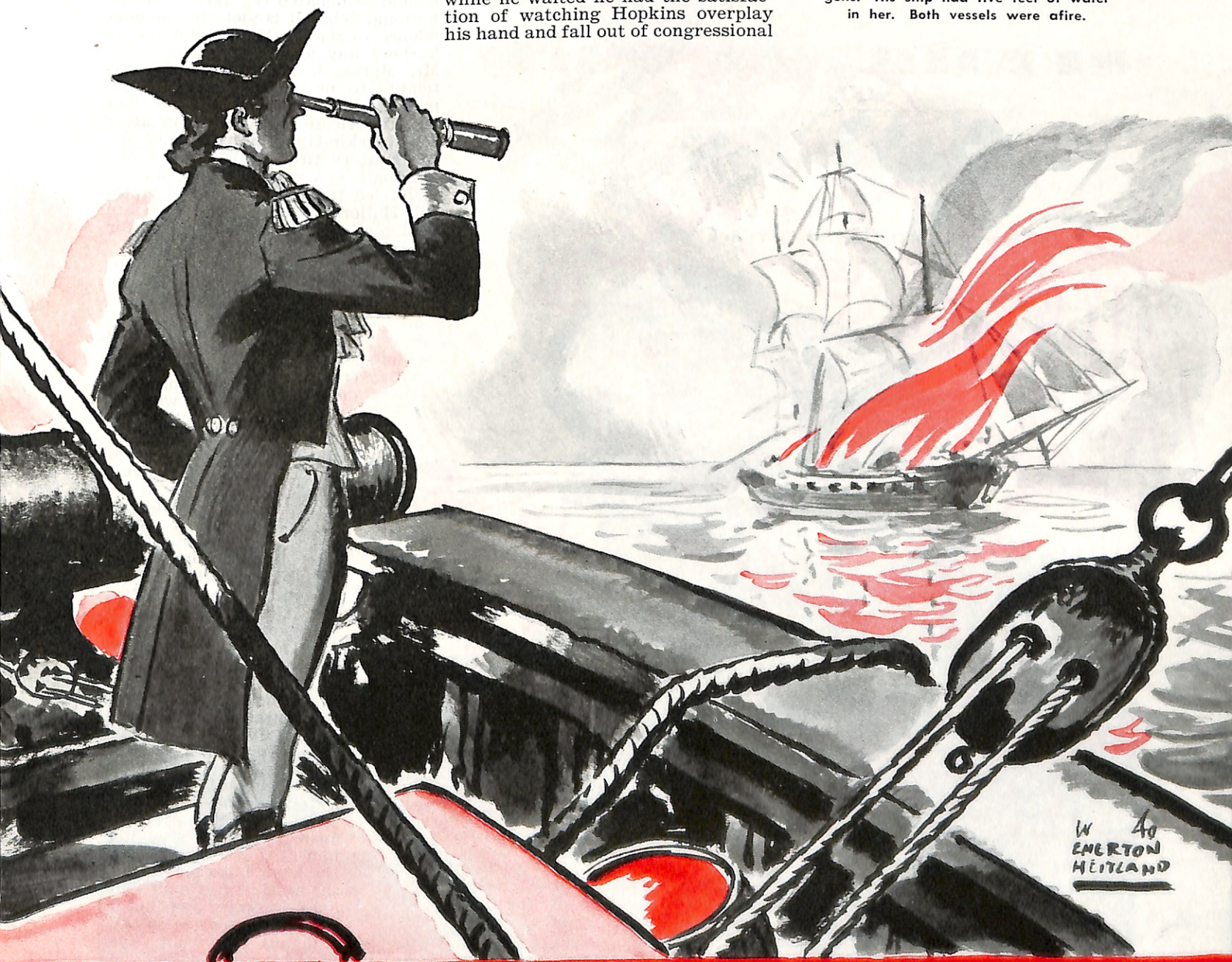
favor. Later he was dismissed.

In Congress there grew an uncomfortable feeling of guilt, as this sombre figure paced by their doors. The Marine Committee pushed his case, realizing that no such fighting had ever been seen in America. Finally they gave him a charge which carried a high degree of distinction: that of conveying the news of Burgoyne's surrender to the American diplomatic representatives in Paris—Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane and Arthur Lee.

Congress lifted his spirits further by making him captain of a new fighting ship, the *Ranger*, as able a craft as ever came out of a shipyard. Jones made it better, shortening the masts and discarding some of the heavier guns. His officers were men

(Continued on page 40)

Jones' armament was down to three guns. His ship had five feet of water in her. Both vessels were afire.





# Fuel for Feud

By Stanley Frank

**D**ON'T take my word for it. Ask your favorite barber or bartender or the cop on the corner what the most startling sports result was in recent years and the chances are he will tell you the Chicago Bears' 73-0 shellacking of the Washington Redskins for the professional football championship really knocked him for a goal.

Seeing was not believing that day a few months ago; people still refuse

to accept the evidence of their eyes. They hardly can be blamed. Three weeks before the championship game the Redskins had defeated the Bears, 7-3. The same players, operating under the same rules, meet shortly afterward and there is a twelve-touchdown difference between the teams. It doesn't make sense; it is inconceivable that such things can be, even granting that the Redskins had a harrowing off-

day and the Bears were in tune with the absolute, or something, and couldn't do anything wrong.

That was a result which defied all logic. It can be explained only on the grounds of personal issues—the factor which seldom is given proper consideration and often exerts a profound influence in all games.

The Bears inflicted the most humiliating defeat upon the Redskins in the history of football because they were sore. Not at the Redskins, you understand, but at Mr. George Preston Marshall, who runs the Washington team and tries to do more of the same for the entire league. Mr. Marshall is a rugged individualist who alienates people with the greatest of ease. Friends find him thoroughly charming and affable, but competitors regard him as overbearing, an arrogant party who should be deflated regularly, like the national debt. It is violating no confidence to report that no club-owner harbors any affection whatever for Mr. Marshall. They resent his attempts to make the league a one-man show and they were more than slightly fed up with the fellow after the Redskin-Giant playoff game for the Eastern title in 1939, when Mr. Marshall screamed bloody murder and tried to get the job of Umpire Bill Halloran, who ruled that a late field goal—which could have won for Washington—failed.

Immediately after the 73-0 shambles, everyone associated with pro football was embarrassed by the catastrophic score. In view of the earlier 7-3 battle, the whole thing gave off the odor of dead fish. The fans could be pardoned for wondering out loud whether the Bears had been carrying the Redskins in the first game to build up a later gate. The disparity in the scores wasn't calculated to bolster public confidence in the game. But later that evening, when the boys were pouring and cutting up old touches, Mr. George Halas, the Chicago owner and coach, was not apologizing to anyone for anything. He was, rather, revelling in the landslide. And it was the consensus of one and all that it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy than Mr. G. P. Marshall.

It wasn't the first time a feud founded on personal differences was responsible for a stunning upheaval. Nor will it be the last. Love may make the world go 'round, but fine, free-wheeling hates keep the sports sphere whirling. There are, and have been, bitter feuds in every sport on the calendar, and small wonder. (Continued on page 47)



Mr. Frank takes a gander at some of the better known soreheads of the past twenty years





Elmer Fryer, Warner Bros.

James Hilton, author of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips", whose book "Random Harvest" has just been published.

JAMES HILTON is tops with a great many readers, male and female, not merely because he is a good story-teller, but because he gives them confidence in the human race. If authors were classified in two groups, those who depress their readers and those who give them a lift, Mr. Hilton would be in the second group. An Englishman living in Hollywood, he now has a tremendous American following, developed by books and motion pictures, especially "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon". After those successes he wrote "We Are Not Alone", a compact piece of story telling. His latest, just out, is "Random Harvest", the story of a man who suffered from amnesia. It is typically English—good plotting, good characterization, dialogue that is not in a hurry, plenty of speculation about the ways of men and women, and especially of Englishmen. The story is told by a young graduate of Cambridge, a doctor of philosophy, who can't get a job in Fleet Street and becomes the secretary of Charles Rainier, member of parliament. Rainier is a veteran of the Great War with a memory that has a peculiar hiatus in it. Appar-

Allan Villiers, now in service with the British Navy, author of, "Sons of Sinbad," the story of a voyage with Arab traders.

ently he was badly hurt in the front-line trenches and he did not regain his real identity until several years after the war, when he discovered himself sitting on a bench in Liverpool, and immediately returned to his own home, where he had been mourned as dead. He has an enigmatic relationship with his wife, who seems bent on entertaining, inviting many different people, and he is constantly trying to recall something that seems familiar and yet remote. It would be cruel for me to describe the plot; even though it is familiar in its general outlines, it has been given new twists by Mr. Hilton, and if, in the end, he manages to meet all our hopes and expectations, that is because he does not disappoint the optimism of his readers. I had a good time reading it, and I'm sure

you will, too. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

A healthy judicial procedure is essential to democracy. What is healthy procedure? Courts are supposed to interpret the laws of the land, but to what extent are they amenable to the currents of opinion? To what extent does senility affect them? These and other questions are discussed by Robert H. Jackson, attorney general of the United States, in "The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy", an account of the fight around the Supreme Court in 1937. Mr. Jackson sees President Roosevelt as the victor in that fight; "the President's enemies defeated the court reform bill; the President achieved court reform". As the spokesman for President Roosevelt's policy Mr. Jackson gives the argument for elasticity—for a re- (Continued on page 49)

# WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

By Harry Hansen





## President Roosevelt Accepts the Elks National Defense Poster



Above, from left to right are Judge James T. Hallinan, Senator Robert Wagner, President Roosevelt, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, James R. Nicholson and Major Charles S. Hart in the President's office at the White House.

International News Photo

### The Elks National Defense Commission Visits the White House

ON Thursday, January 9, Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, accompanied by James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks National Defense Commission; Vice-chairman Judge James T. Hallinan; Senator Robert F. Wagner, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, called on President Roosevelt at the White House and presented to him the painting of Uncle Sam which is shown on the cover of this issue of *The Elks Magazine*. This magnificent composite picture by C. C. Beall will be used by the War Department as a national defense poster. It will also be used in the national high school essay contest now being conducted

by the subordinate lodge defense committees, the State Associations and the National Defense Commission.

The rules governing the contest and prizes to be awarded are already in the hands of the subordinate lodge defense committees and competition among high school pupils is under way in all sections of the country.

The Elks National Defense Commission is giving national awards of \$1,000, \$500 and \$250; the State Associations are giving awards for the winners of the state contests and most of the subordinate lodges are giving prizes in their local jurisdictions. The contest, which consists of

listing all of the persons and things which go to make up the composite painting as well as the essay that accompanies it, has been received with enthusiasm.

The subordinate lodge contest closes on March 31 and the state and national contests will follow in order. The state and national awards will be given in the early part of May after the judges, consisting of three nationally known educators, have reached their decision. The essay winning the national award will be published in a later issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

**ELKS NATIONAL  
DEFENSE COMMISSION**



# Word of Washington

By Kiley Taylor



Photo by Eastern Airlines

**Our footloose Kiley Taylor suggests the Capital as an ideal goal for Spring touring—especially in these days**

WASHINGTON, only four and a half hours from New York by train, is a Mecca for travelers in the Spring. The soft weather which nearly always touches Washington in March is inviting to Northerners weary of wintry skies, and in April may be expected the glorious blossoming of the cherry trees.

There is further reason for a pilgrimage this year. Washington shares with South American capitals a distinctive place in the world, since they are almost the only capital cities not torn and shattered by war.

Washington is a very lovely city, too, one of the most beautiful capitals, with its proud avenues, its spreading parks and arches of trees; and although credit is due to the part a willing Nature has played, all of the beauty is not accidental. This

was no Topsy capital, which just happened to grow up on a good seaport or among busy industries. Instead, soon after the Revolution, Congress deliberately set out to establish a suitable, permanent seat of government. That their deliberations were acrimonious may be taken for granted, since sectional rivalry flourished in those days, even as today. It was Thomas Jefferson who finally brought about an agreement which resulted in the Federal City's being located on the bank of the Potomac. The tract of land chosen, on the Maryland side, now known as the District of Columbia, covers sixty-nine square miles.

The building of this important city, or rather the design which the building of it should follow, was entrusted to the French Pierre Charles

L'Enfant. Working from Capitol Hall as a center, L'Enfant laid out a plan which, with few changes, has been followed to this day.

It must be admitted that Washington is not the simplest place in the world for strangers to find their way about in, even when they understand that, beginning at the Capitol, the streets running north and south are numbered, those running east and west are lettered in alphabetical order, while the avenues, running diagonally and bisecting the streets, are named after States.

To be able to get around Washington, however, is not nearly so important as just being there. There are bus tours to points of interest, and, for those off-the-record expeditions, there are fleets of taxis with fares

*(Continued on page 50)*



# Your DOG



Harry Dorer from Atlas Photos

**By Edward Faust**

**I**T WAS an era of beards and bustles, croquet and crinoline. Henry Ward Beecher was flourishing—and so was Chicago with 348,000 population. Every proper parlor had its melodeon, a Rogers Group and a steel engraving of The Stag at Bay.

Only a Certain kind of Person painted or smoked and formal dinners were marked by elaborate toasts with the diners sometimes toasting themselves under the table. (We just learned that this quaint old-fashioned custom hasn't died

out.) In Missouri, scene of our action, the Indians were still a problem; farther west, a dangerous one. There were no movies, no radios, no gas buggies and—no bombing planes to rain death on the innocent. Grant was President, so if you know your history, that should date it for you. Yes, it was the early seventies; 1870 to be exact.

Along what is now Highway No. 50, about 50 miles southeast of Kansas City, lies the little town of Warrensburg, Missouri. It's an unpretentious place, but on September 23rd, 1870, a speech was made there that has distinguished it in the memories of those who truly love dogs for all these seventy years.

The dog, Old Drum, was the cause of it.

Drum was one of those nondescript dogs common to the American farm, part hound, part Gosh-knows-what. He was black and brown and withal a dog of determination. It was this latter trait that provoked the trouble between Charlie Burden and his neighbor, Lon Hornsby.

Burden, large, blonde, easy-going and an ardent hunter, was Drum's owner. He had a special fondness for Drum, regarding him as the best all-around hound in his pack. Game was still plentiful in those parts and Burden had every reason to value a dog that had the nose for a trail and the courage for a fight possessed by Drum.

Our drama opens late one October afternoon in '69 with Drum nosing his way along Big Creek on some private business of his own. Small, testy Lon Hornsby returning from a hunting foray with his friend Dick Ferguson, saw through the half-light that follows sun-down, the shadowy figure of a dog. His anger flamed as he thought of the sheep he'd owned that had been killed by marauding dogs and here was Old Drum plainly trespassing, no doubt bent on mischief. He'd driven the dog off that particular parcel of land before. But Drum was no sheep-killer and no doubt in his mind saw no reason why he should curtail his hunting grounds. Every hair in Hornsby's red head bristled as he turned to Ferguson, "Dammit Dick, there's that pesky hound of Burden's again. Dogs, dogs, dogs, taking the bread and butter out of a man's mouth. Burden says that mutt ain't a killer, but I don't believe him. Besides if I have my way, I'll rid this neighborhood of every damned mutt I catch on my land. Dick, your gun's loaded—give it to him."

There was a pause, during which Drum halted to gaze innocently at the speaker on the far side of the Creek.

Ferguson's gun split the silence. Drum whimpered softly, vanished into the underbrush—and there was a splash.

Came feed time that night and Charlie Burden looked for Drum, always a hardy trencherman. But among all of his dogs to answer the

*(Continued on page 52)*



By Ray Trullinger

SAY, what has happened to this country's tellers of tall tales—those home-grown Baron Munchausens whose amusing lies make it easier for winter-weary rod and gun fans to survive months of dull inactivity?

Why, here we are, with Spring little more than five blizzards away, and to date there hasn't been a single wilderness trapper devoured by ravenous wolves! T'ain't right, chums! Ordinarily, the season's first lupine horror story hits the nation's press along about Thanksgiving Day, or, at the very latest, by Christmas. The luckless trapper always puts up "a desperate fight for life", and invariably goes down in a final flurry of flashing fangs, valiantly clubbing his empty thutty-thutty to the last. This yarn is known as the whistle stop correspondent's special, and do the big town papers go for it!

Another hardy bloomer which failed to burgeon this winter is the Jersey special. Come, come now, don't sit back there and tell me you never heard the New Jersey special! Don't you remember? It has to do with the hunter, accompanied by two companions, who gets permission to gun over a farmer's land on condition that an old, ailing horse be destroyed. The hunter, saying nothing to his chums about his agreement with the farmer, later shoots the farmer's horse before his pals' astonished eyes. These worthies naturally assume their friend has gone completely nuts, and high-tail out of there in a hurry, taking the car with them. The prankster, of course, has to walk home. There are more variations to this yarn than verses to "Hinkey Dinkey Parlez Vous", but the above is the version most frequently heard.

And what has become of the backwoods lover, who, returning from his sweetie-pie's home back yonder, runs smack into a prowling mountain lion? Brother, there's a spine-chiller for you! Grandma used to scare hell out of your correspondent with that one.

As you'll doubtless remember, the lover never is armed with anything more lethal than a pocketknife and dauntless determination, but always manages to cow the skulking cat, which follows him all the way home. On special occasions the lover encounters not one but two cougars, which, of course, doubles the horror of the story.

And darned if we didn't get through the whole hunting season without once hearing about the humane, tender-hearted farmer! Remember him? He's the guy who tucks a moose, elk or deer, (take your pick,) away in his barn on the opening day of hunting season, thereby foiling a passel of blood-thirsty gents who are looking for something with horns. This one is the particular favorite of maiden ladies, specializing in classroom nature instruction. The kids love it.

# Rod AND Gun



Harry Dorer Atlas Photos

Come to think of it, that British Columbia sea serpent has been strangely AWOL, too. In happier days that monster slithered across the nation's press at regular, periodic intervals. In the Spring it snatched life preservers from passing liners, these gadgets serving as teething rings for the serpent's young. In the fall it scared salmon and halibut fishermen stiff off the B.C. and Washington coasts, these lads insisting the critter's head resembled that of a gigantic camel. This monster hasn't been seen so much in those parts since repeal discouraged amateur distillation and brewing in the Puget Sound sector.

Oh yes. That other four-star belly laugh hasn't bobbed up this season, either. You know, the absent-minded deer hunter who sallies forth astride

his horse, mule or burro; tethers his faithful animal; gets lost; makes a wide swing, and then shoots his horse, mule or burro in mistake for a deer. That one has been making the rounds since gold toothpicks were *de rigueur*.

All in all the passing winter has been unusually dull. No fur-coated trout have been reported taken from Colorado's ice-rimmed streams; not one injured woodcock has fluttered through an Audubon Society window. Where are all those amiable liars of yesteryear? We view with alarm!

THE best quail guide and dog trainer in Florida sat down beside the small fire, leaned back on one elbow and surveyed the panting dogs. It was warm out there on the palmetto  
(Continued on page 53)





# Editorial

## The Month of Shamrocks

MANY books have been written about Saint Patrick but they fail to distinguish between fact and fiction, between history and legend. Some writers have gone so far as to express doubt that any such character ever existed in flesh and blood. How foolish! They are of the same ilk as those who doubt that Santa Claus exists or ever did exist. Didn't Saint Patrick drive the snakes out of Ireland? If he never existed, let the doubting Thomases tell us who did this job. Of course there is no gainsaying that it was done by somebody. It is no answer to say that today there are snakes in the Emerald Isle. They have had plenty of time to return since Saint Patrick chased them out nearly two thousand years ago.

All trivial comments aside, we are convinced, however, that there was a Saint Patrick; that he was born someplace in Ireland; that a band of Irish marauders kidnaped him when he was a mere boy; that he was held in bondage somewhere, probably in Italy, for five or six years; that he escaped and returned to Ireland; that he grew to a very pious manhood; that he was commissioned by the Pope to banish from the churches of his native land the heretics who had gained control; that he did some writing replete with grammatical errors, for he had but little education; that he lived a life of piety and merited the high regard in which he as a man was held and the reverence to his memory entertained by Irishmen down to this blessed day.

That brings us to what we started out to say, to wit, that this is the month when we wear green ribbons and shamrocks in commemoration of Saint Patrick's Day. This includes all of us who can lay claim to even so much as a drop of Irish blood in our veins, and there are a lot of us, and we are all proud of our ancestry. March 17th will be hailed as usual with parades, blaring bands and flying banners. Those who can claim no Irish blood will stand on the sidelines cheering the marchers and admiring and probably envying the marshal proudly wearing a huge green sash and mounted on a white charger. In Ireland there probably will be a few fist fights and heads cracked by shillalahs unless recent war-like developments have resulted in a unity among the people of that country which has not heretofore existed.

In the light of all this, who can say that Saint Patrick is a myth! Yes, he lived and breathed and served well his countrymen and the Ireland to which he was devoted.

## Pope Pius XII

TWO years ago on March 2nd a wisp of white smoke from a slender chimney on the Sistine Chapel indicated to a throng assembled in St. Peter's Square in Rome that the Cardinals comprising the Sacred College had chosen a new Pope to succeed the beloved Pope Pius XI who, at the ripe old age of eighty-one, had passed to his reward the preceding month. Thus, according to long established custom, the fact was announced and for the first time the name of the newly elected Supreme Pontiff was given to the world over the radio. It was Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli who had been Papal Secretary of State under Pope Pius XI. Immediately following his election Pacelli chose the name Pope Pius XII and as such presides over the Roman Catholic Churches of the world with a membership of more than three hundred and fifty million. His first official act was to appear on the balcony of St. Peter's Basilica and deliver his blessing to all peoples.

The death of Pope Pius XI cast gloom over the world shared by all, regardless of religious beliefs. It was doubted if the new Pope could impress his personality and influence as had his predecessor. However, Pacelli had been eminently fitted for his new duties and responsibilities by years of devout study supplemented by extensive travel. When a young man he was ordained as a priest and was associated with the then Papal Secretary of State. During the height of the World War he was by Pope Benedict entrusted with a message to Kaiser Wilhelm which, it was hoped, would serve to end the war and which may in fact have been the opening wedge to the Armistice. Pacelli, regardless of the danger involved, sought out the Kaiser and delivered the message. He was in Germany when the revolution eventuated in the formation of the republic to which he was commissioned as ambassador representing the Vatican. He became recognized as a diplomat of great finesse and ability and was created a Cardinal. Later he was named Papal Secretary of State.

In 1936 he came to this country and by plane made an extensive tour of the United States, endearing himself to the people wherever he went. He therefore was not a stranger to the United States when some three years later he was chosen Pope. Today he is recognized as one of the outstanding characters in contemporary history. In fact it may be doubted if any man wields so great an influence in world affairs. He represents the highest ideals of his Church and is an outstanding advocate of peace among the warring nations. His influence will be felt when negotiations for peace are undertaken. No man is so universally honored, loved and respected, regardless of religious beliefs and affiliations.

## Onward and Upward

THE Order of Elks is definitely on the move "from coast to coast", as the broadcaster frequently says in announcing his program. Happily this movement is forward and upward. We are building for a greater and a better Fraternity which day by day is gathering impetus. There are many reasons for this, a few of which may be briefly summarized as follows:

In the first place, ours is a patriotic Order and current events serve to emphasize the great importance of loyalty to



our beloved country and the way of life which we are permitted to follow and enjoy. Nothing in these days is of greater concern to us as American citizens.

Then it is a charitable organization. It is doubtful if ever before in all history there have been so many peoples destitute and suffering for the bare necessities of life. This obtains to some extent in our own land but nothing comparable to the distress in some other countries. This tends to focus attention on all benevolent agencies and especially on our Order because of its secret yet outstanding charities.

It is fortunate that in this situation we have inspirational leadership headed by a Grand Exalted Ruler of vision and driving energy. His influence extends down through our whole organization including Grand Lodge officers and committees, District Deputies, State Associations and subordinate lodges with their various committees.

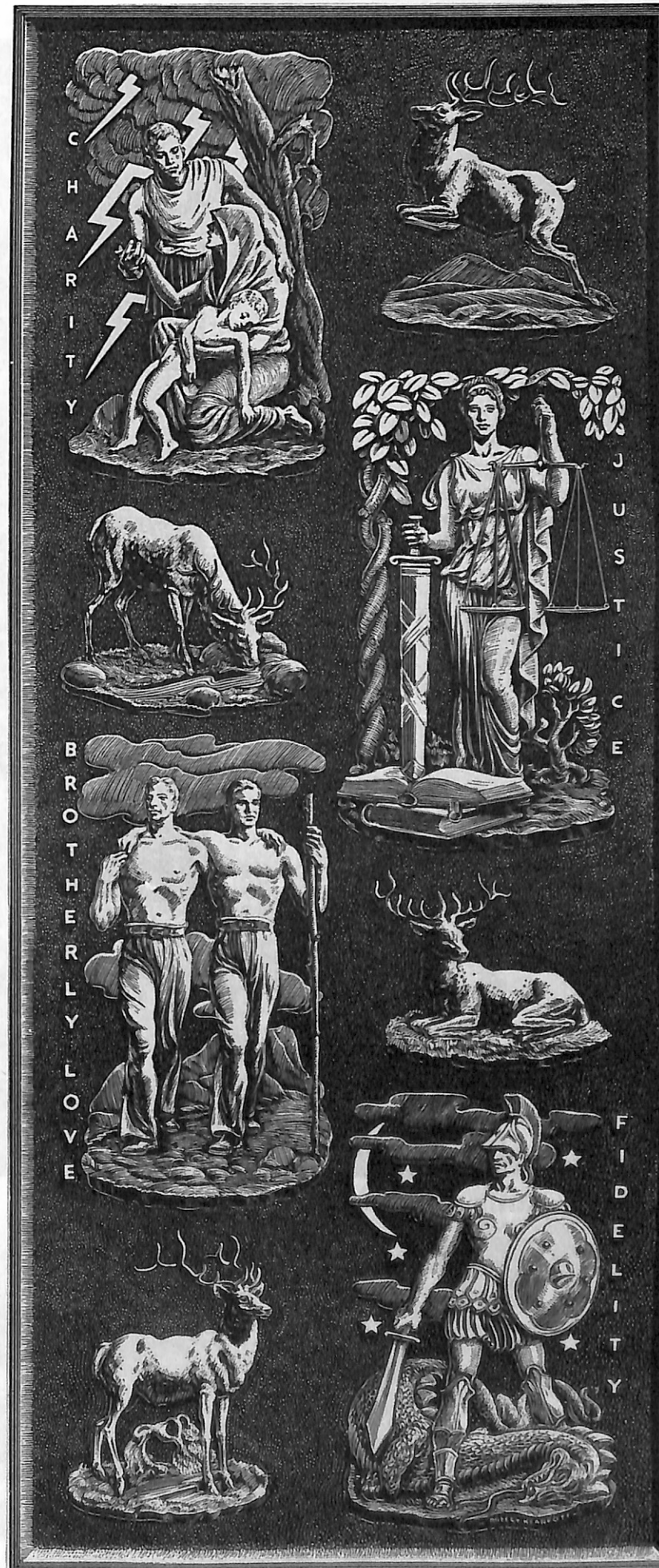
The Grand Lodge, recognizing the opportunity for service to our country, wisely established a special agency in the National Defense and Public Relations Commission which is active and effective in the special field of endeavor open to it. Among other things it is urging that every Elks lodge home be converted into a local center of preparedness activity. Many lodges have adopted this suggestion. It employed a nationally known illustrator to produce a composite picture of Uncle Sam which is reproduced in colors on the cover design of this issue. It has inaugurated a patriotic essay contest among high school children on the subject "What Uncle Sam Means to Me", for which a prize will be awarded in every locality where an Elks lodge is located. Those winning in these local contests will be eligible to enter a State contest, and these winners in turn are privileged to compete in a national contest for cash prizes and scholarships awarded by the Commission. The reader is referred to the page in this and in succeeding issues devoted to the activities of this Commission.

**T**HE composite picture of Uncle Sam is artistic and interesting to those who study it to figure out the component parts which go to make up the portrait. The original has been presented to the President who accepted it on behalf of the War and Navy Departments for use in a patriotic poster campaign.

The Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge is so carrying on its work it is obtaining splendid cooperation on the part of subordinate lodges. The result has been most gratifying and its continued activity will show even greater accomplishments in the future.

The General Pershing Class served not only to attract many outstanding young men to our Order, but stimulated patriotic interest in old as well as in new members. Those added to our rolls as members of this Class are to be congratulated on having joined our ranks under such favorable auspices.

Over and above all and perhaps of greatest importance is the harmonious teamwork of all of the various agencies of the Grand Lodge. Everywhere throughout the Order the spirit of true Elkdom prevails from the highest official down to the most inconspicuous member. A loyal army of five hundred thousand men under competent and enthusiastic leadership with definite objectives assures success in whatever it undertakes.





# RECENTLY INITIATED ELKS

## Merced, Cal., Lodge

*On this and the opposite page are shown Classes of Candidates recently initiated into the Order. Many are shown with their Lodge officers*



## Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge



## Olympia, Wash., Lodge



## Kane, Pa., Lodge



## Mount Vernon, O., Lodge





**Biloxi, Miss., Lodge**



**Heppner, Ore., Lodge**



**Bath, Me., Lodge**



**Winslow, Ariz., Lodge**



**Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge**





LODGES in New York State were paid official visits by Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch early in December. Mr. Buch was accompanied by Colonel William H. Kelly of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and everywhere the two were given a royal reception.

Leaving Trenton, the Grand Exalted Ruler reached Elmira on December 9 and was met at the railroad station by E. R. William J. Murtaugh, Secy. John T. Osowski, Treas. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and a delegation of members of Elmira Lodge No. 62. After a stop at the Mark Twain Hotel, the party left for Watkins Glen. On the outskirts of the town they were met by E. R. Walter C. Sproul and a delegation of local members and escorted to the home of Watkins Glen Lodge No. 1546 where luncheon was served. A conference with the Exalted Ruler and the officers, including Secy. Olin A. Storch, was held during the afternoon, after which the party returned to Elmira, stopping at the falls at Watkins Glen and the gliding center at Harris Hill.

That evening a reception and a banquet were given at the Elmira Lodge home. Among those present were Dr. P. C. Sainberg, Ithaca, D.D. for New York, South Central; Arden E. Page, Hornell, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the State Association; Past State Pres. John T. Gorman, Owego; State Trustee Claude Y. Cushman, Binghamton; P.D.D.'s Arthur G. Holland, Ithaca, Harry J. Suits, Watkins Glen, and Leo Austin and L. R. Dowd, Cortland; E.R.'s George A. Larie, Hornell, Richard C. Ward, Corning, William E. Brooks, Bath, Gerald I. Dexter, Cortland, James F. O'Connor, Ithaca, William P. Leahy, Owego, George M. Skinner, Norwich, Walter Sproul, Watkins Glen, John R. Demer, Binghamton, and Arnold S. Dimm, of Williamsport, Pa.; Secy.'s Perry John-

Distinguished New York Elks, shown with Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch when he visited Troy, N. Y., Lodge.

son, Corning, William S. Lyon, Binghamton, and John E. Cullinan, Hornell, and the local officers. At the banquet the guests were welcomed by Mayor J. Maxwell Beers and greetings from the Grand Lodge were extended by Col. Kelly. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was carried through the local broadcasting system. Many of the lodges of the South Central District, including Cortland, Ithaca, Hornell, Owego, Corning, Watkins Glen, Bath, Norwich and Oneonta, and also Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, were represented. Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge sent 50 members, the largest delegation present. Mr. Buch was presented with a fire extinguisher.

THE next stop was made at Buffalo, N. Y. Arriving at noon on December 10, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly were met at the station by a large delegation headed by E. R. William M. Wean and Secy. Karl A. Schwartz. State Pres. J. Theodore Moses of North Tonawanda Lodge, Harry R. Darling, Rochester, D.D. for New York, West, and Past State Pres. D. Curtis Gano, Rochester, were also in the welcoming party. Luncheon was served at the Hotel Statler, after which visits were made to Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, where the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was greeted by a delegation headed by E. R. A. F. Voegelé, and to Niagara Falls Lodge No. 346, where E. R. Truman J. Beatty and many of the members welcomed the distinguished visitors. On the same evening a testimonial dinner was tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler at the home of Buffalo Lodge No. 23. In attendance were Exalted Rulers and delegations from Rochester, Lockport, Jamestown,

Niagara Falls, Olean, North Tonawanda, Medina, Dunkirk, Batavia, Albion, Salamanca, Lancaster and Wells-ville Lodges. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the speakers were Col. Kelly, E. R. William Wean, Buffalo, D.D. Harry Darling, State Pres. Moses, Mr. Gano, State Vice-Pres. Richard J. Gavan, Lancaster, and State Trustee Martin J. Mulligan, Buffalo. The program was in charge of P. E. R. Vincent J. Baker. During the dinner the band of North Tonawanda Lodge gave a concert and an exhibition drill, both of which were well received. Afterward a vaudeville entertainment was presented. A set of three interesting pictures of the officers of Olean Lodge and members of a large class recently initiated by that lodge, was presented to Mr. Buch by E. R. Fred B. Page, Jr. Following the dinner a conference was held with the officers of Buffalo Lodge at which time careful consideration was given the acquisition of a new home for the lodge in the near future. Police Chiefs of various towns and cities in the vicinity acted as escorts on visits to the various lodges.

On Wednesday, December 11, a luncheon was given in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at North Tonawanda Lodge No. 860. In attendance were E. R. Arthur V. Kage, Secy. August H. Soldwisch, Mayor Wallace and other city officials, and the officers and a large number of the lodge members. Also present was the father of State Pres. Moses, who is himself a prominent member of the Order.

Next a stop was made at Lockport, where the party was greeted by E. R. Ernest A. Paul, Jr., his associate officers and many members of the local lodge, No. 41. Then Medina Lodge No. 898 was visited. Here the welcoming party, headed by E. R. Thomas Martin, gave the visitors an excellent reception. The next visit was made to Batavia Lodge No. 950, where E. R. Willard



C. MacLean, his officers and a large turnout of members made the visitors welcome. Mr. Buch and those accompanying him were escorted from Batavia to Rochester, where they were met at the Hotel Seneca by E.R. Albert W. Yogg, Secy. T. Edward Freckleton and a large delegation of members of Rochester Lodge No. 24. A street parade wound up at the lodge home where a testimonial dinner was given. A thermometer was presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The dinner was followed by the initiation of a large class of candidates among whom was Congressman Joseph J. O'Brien. The ritualistic work was performed by the Degree Team from Albion Lodge No. 1006.

During the morning of December 12, visits were made to the Eastman Kodak plant and other places of interest in Rochester and a call was made on Trustee Dr. Richard J. Decker, P.E.R., who had been ill and confined to his home for some time. At the conclusion of a luncheon at the Rochester Lodge home, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Col. Kelly left by train for Syracuse where they were met by a large group of members of Syracuse Lodge No. 31 headed by E.R. John J. Woods and Secy. Mordecai Gosnell.

AT A dinner held in the Yates Hotel, commemorating the 54th anniversary of the granting of a charter to Syracuse Lodge, Mr. Buch was the guest of honor and principal speaker. Besides Col. Kelly, the Grand Lodge was represented by Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Stephen McGrath of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge. P.E.R. Clarence S. Hunt of Auburn, D.D. for N. Y., West Central, attended, and delegations from Fulton, Oneida and Oswego Lodges were present. The presentation to Mr. Buch of a portable

typewriter was made by E.R. Woods. The next morning, with Mr. Woods acting as escort, a visit was made to the Percy Hughes Crippled Children's School. At noon the Grand Exalted Ruler, who is Chairman of the Protective Committee of the American Hotel Association, was a luncheon guest of the hotel men of Syracuse, discussing with them, among other matters, the crippled children program followed by the State of New Jersey. In addition to the hotel men, the luncheon was attended by the director of the crippled children's school, representatives of the Unemployment Compensation Commission and the Rehabilitation Commission, and Capt. McGrath. Later, accompanied by Capt. McGrath, Mr. Buch paid a visit to the Oneida Ltd. hardware factory prior to his participation in a reception held by Oneida Lodge No. 767. A dinner was given in his honor and a large class was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a silver service. Mr. Hunt was present at the dinner and also former Mayor John H. Richardson, P.E.R., who celebrated his 76th birthday on December 13. Mr. Buch and Col. Kelly were luncheon guests the next day of Capt. McGrath at State Police Headquarters and afterward visited P.E.R. Carl F. Drew who had been ill. The next stop was Utica where the visitors were met by E.R. Dr. Verner Kennedy and Secy. Amon W. Foote of Utica Lodge No. 33. The party was then driven to Ilion through the courtesy of Capt. McGrath, being met by E.R. Harold E. Fear, Secy. J. F. Meehan and a group of members of Ilion Lodge No. 1444. A banquet was held in the evening and the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a portable typewriter in the Elks' colors by Charles Jones, Jr., Chairman

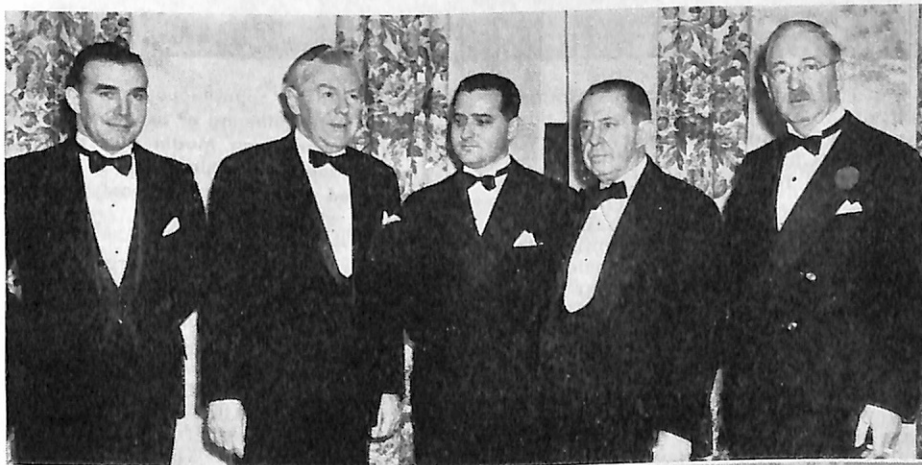
of the Committee on Arrangements. A conference with officers of the lodge was held after the meeting.

TROY Lodge No. 141 was host to Grand Exalted Ruler Buch on December 15 at which time the 15 lodges of the Northeast District of New York united with the host lodge and presented a class of 62 candidates for initiation. The ritualistic work was conducted by representatives of all of the lodges before an audience of more than 500 Elks. Before the meeting, Mr. Buch delivered a stirring patriotic address, under the auspices of Troy Lodge, over station WTRY. Many distinguished Elks attended the functions in connection with Mr. Buch's visit, including D.D. Alfred J. Burns, of Saratoga Lodge, State Vice-Pres. Dr. William R. Eger, Schenectady, State Chaplain the Rev. Father William F. Boldt, Little Falls, Homer A. Tessier of Cohoes, Pres. of the Past Exalted Ruler's Association of the Northeast District, and the local lodge officers. Among those initiated was Charles J. May, joining Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, who received permission to be inducted with the class at Troy. At the conclusion of the initiatory ceremonies which were held in the afternoon, a banquet was given in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Buch, who was the principal speaker. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico of Troy Lodge, who acted as General Chairman of the entire program for the visit, was also a speaker. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a handsome brief case and other mementoes of his visit. Special entertainment was presented.

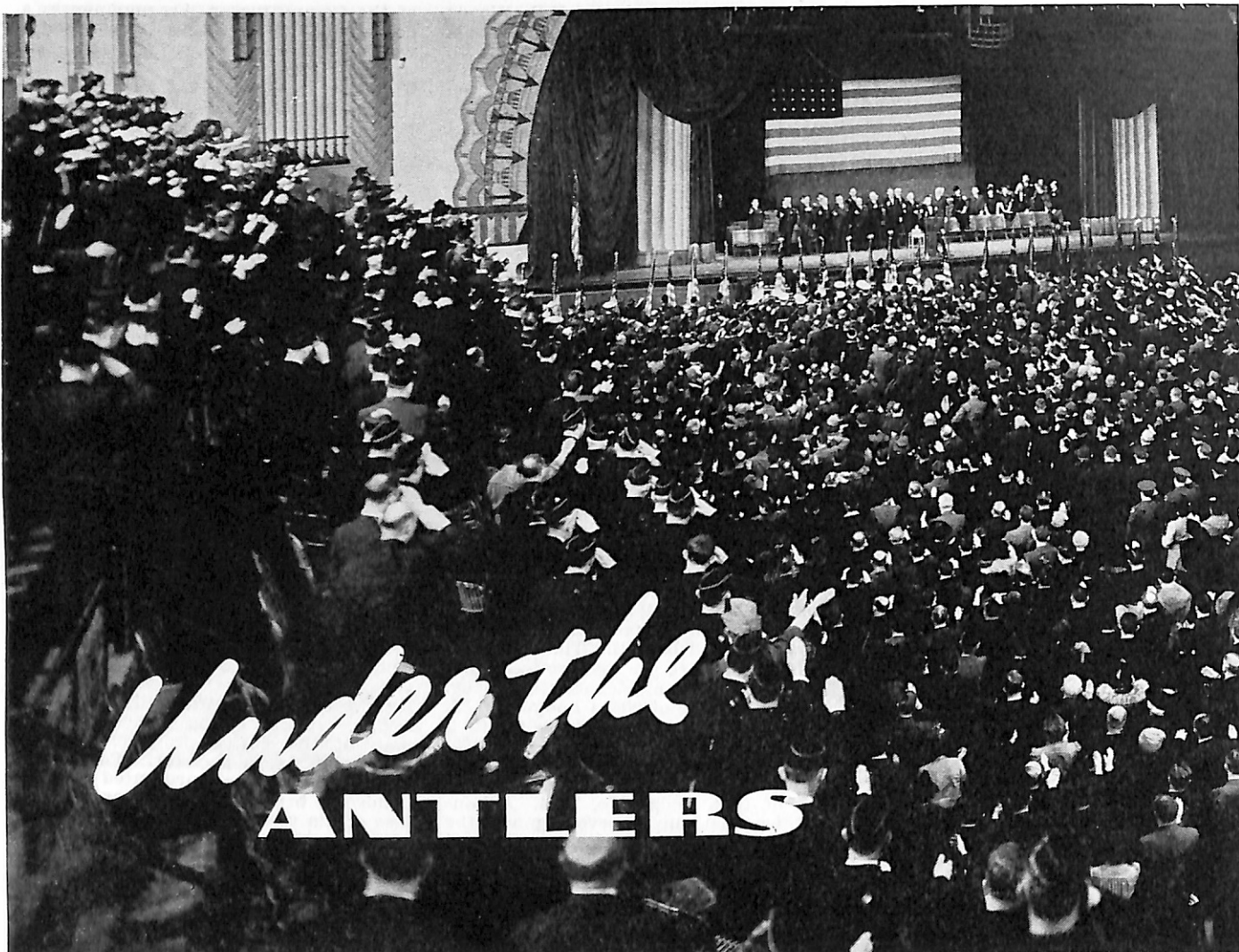
Mr. Buch was accompanied to Troy by Colonel Kelly and acting Secretary William M. Frasier, Special District Deputy, of Blue Island, Illinois, Lodge. They were met at Albany by a large delegation of Troy Elks led by Exalted Ruler Benjamin A. Singleton, Dr. Gallico and Mayor Frank J. Hogan, Past State Tiler. En route, the party paid a visit to the new home of Watervliet Lodge No. 1500. The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Watertown Lodge No. 496 will be reported in the April issue of the Magazine.

Left is Mr. Buch, shown with prominent members of Watertown, N. Y., Lodge when he visited there.

At bottom: Mr. Buch is flanked by officers of Camden, N. J., Lodge when he was welcomed there.







## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### *Martin Dies Is Guest Speaker On Elks' National Defense Program At White Plains, N. Y.*

Congressman Martin Dies, Chairman of the House Committee investigating un-American activities, delivered a spirited and instructive address on January 12 at the County Center in White Plains, N. Y., as guest speaker on the National Defense Program held under the auspices of the Elks of Westchester and Dutchess Counties. Past

Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, present Eastchester Supervisor, was Presiding Chairman; introductory remarks were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Defense Commission. Exalted Rulers of Poughkeepsie, Beacon, Peekskill, Ossining, Mount Kisco, White Plains, Port Chester, Mamaroneck, New Rochelle, Mount Vernon and Yonkers, N. Y., Lodges served as members of the Executive Committee which was headed by D.D. Michael J. Gilday, of New Rochelle Lodge, Chairman, and State Vice-Pres. John J. Hayden, of Beacon, Vice-Chairman. Approximately 3,300 persons attended.

The opening numbers on the program were a prelude and the national anthem

Above and on opposite page is part of the huge gathering of people who heard Congressman Martin Dies deliver an address at White Plains, N. Y., sponsored by the Elks National Defense Commission.

with John Skelley at the organ, and the Invocation given by the Rev. John H. Powell of Bronxville. Mr. Dies' address was followed by a massing of the colors by several American Legion posts and bands. The White Plains High School A Capella Choir, under the direction of Miss Alice Caulkins, sang "America, the Beautiful" and "God Bless America". Mr. Gilday, who had acted as marshal of the parade which escorted Mr. Dies to the County Center, led the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. The Rev. Eugene Callahan, White Plains, pronounced the Benediction.

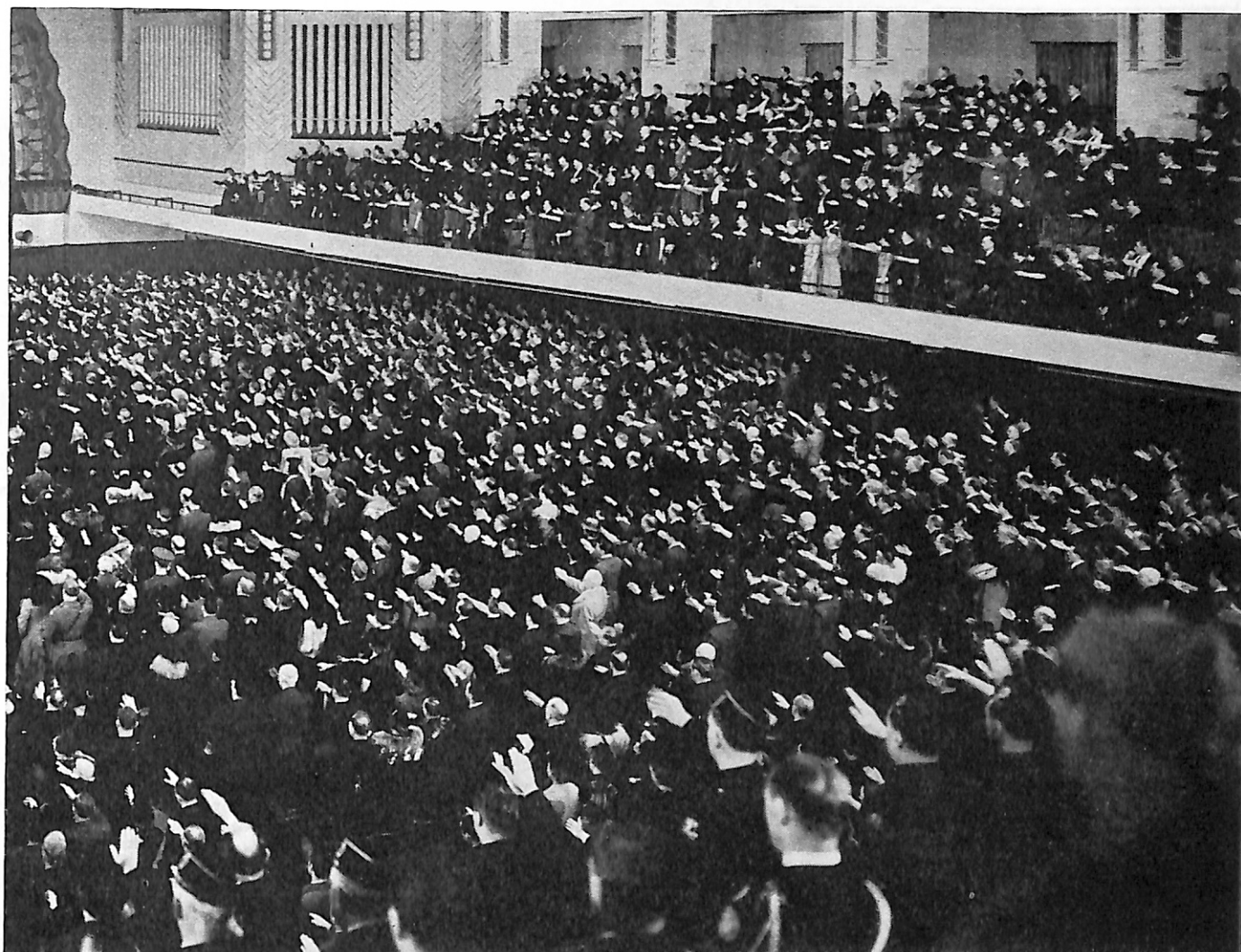
### *El Reno, Okla., Lodge Presents a Candidate For Grand Treasurer*

El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, announces that it will present Past Grand Esquire George M. McLean, Past Exalted Ruler of the lodge, as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer at the Grand Lodge Convention in Philadel-



Left is a sign put up by members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, welcoming visitors to their city. In the picture are P.E.R. Jack Dodge, D.D. Carl J. Hase, E.R. Clifford S. Maher, and State Pres. Robert S. Redington.





phia, Pa., this coming July. Mr. McLean became a member of El Reno Lodge in July 1919. Immediately thereafter he became one of its most active members, serving on many committees and demonstrating his interest in Elk affairs by acting in various executive capacities. He served faithfully and efficiently in all of the offices of his home lodge and was Exalted Ruler for five terms.

The Oklahoma State Elks Association has benefited greatly through Mr. McLean's interest and services. He is a Past State President and has been chairman of many important committees. During his years of service as Chairman of the New Membership Committee, the State showed substantial increases in membership. At the

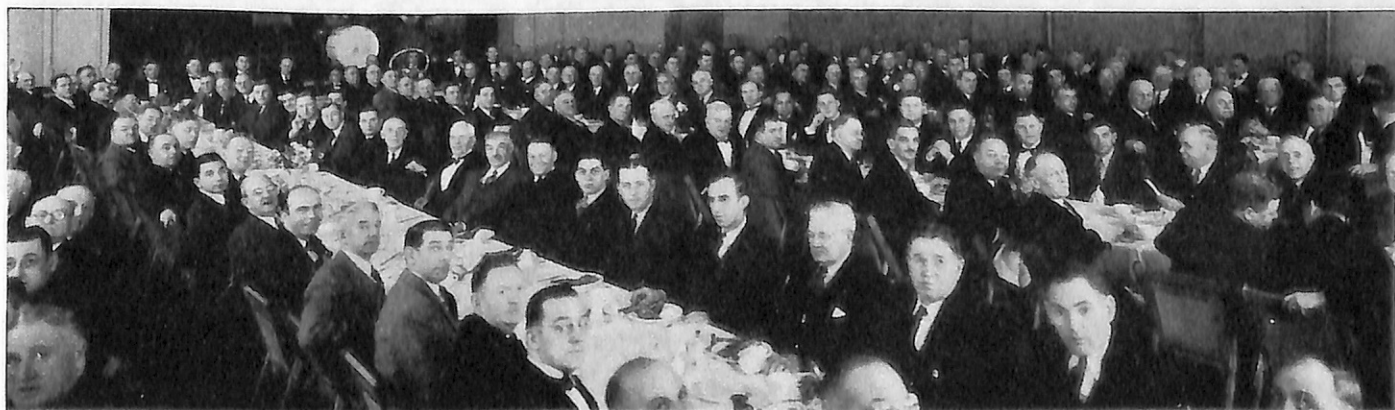
present time he is Chairman of the State Association's National Defense Committee.

Mr. McLean is well known in Grand Lodge circles. In 1933 he was appointed District Deputy by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier; in 1934 he became an associate member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; in 1935 he was elected Grand Inner Guard; during 1936-1937 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; in 1937 he was made

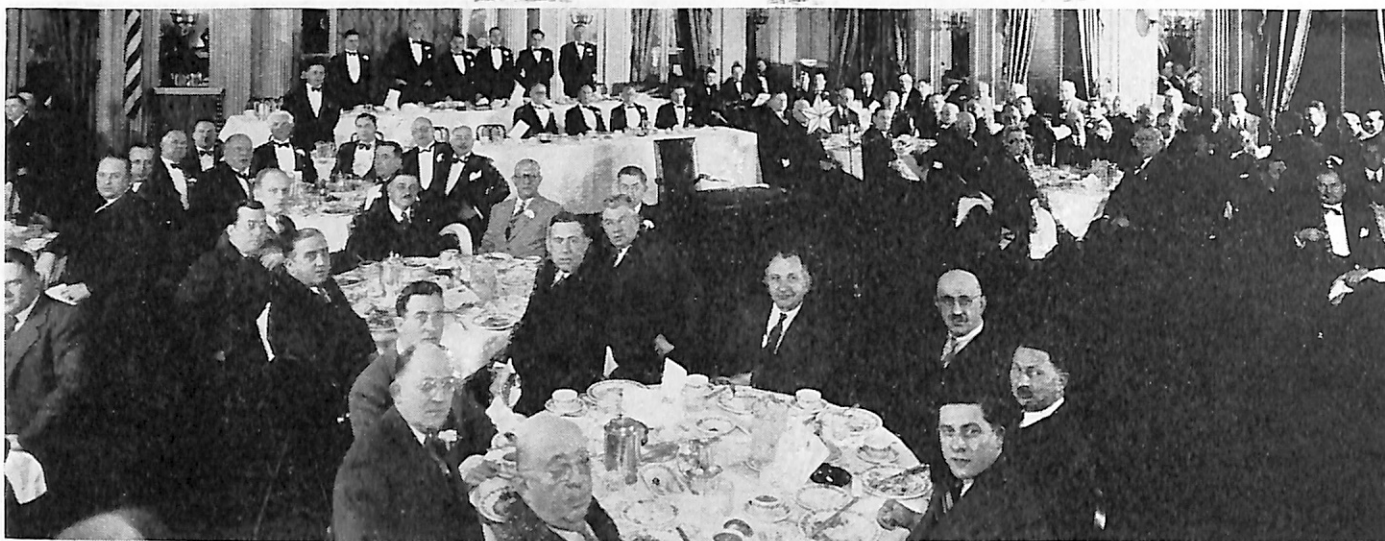
Those who gathered for the homecoming reception to D.D. W. E. Beers at New Britain, Conn., Lodge. This was one of the most successful Elk affairs ever held in Connecticut.

Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. In 1938 Mr. McLean was appointed Grand Esquire by Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick and in 1939 he was reappointed to that office by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. At both the St. Louis and Houston national conventions, his endeavors were outstanding, winning for him a host of new friends among Elks from all parts of the country.

El Reno Lodge will submit Mr. McLean's candidacy in the belief that his abilities meet all requirements for the administration of the duties of Grand Treasurer, and that his efforts and accomplishments in the interests of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks have earned him further Grand Lodge honors.







Above are some of those who attended an initiation banquet recently held by Wilmington, Del., Lodge.



Above is a troop of Sea Scouts who were presented with an American Flag by New Bedford, Mass., Lodge.

Below is a photograph of the float which was entered by Gadsden, Ala., Lodge in that city's Centennial Parade.

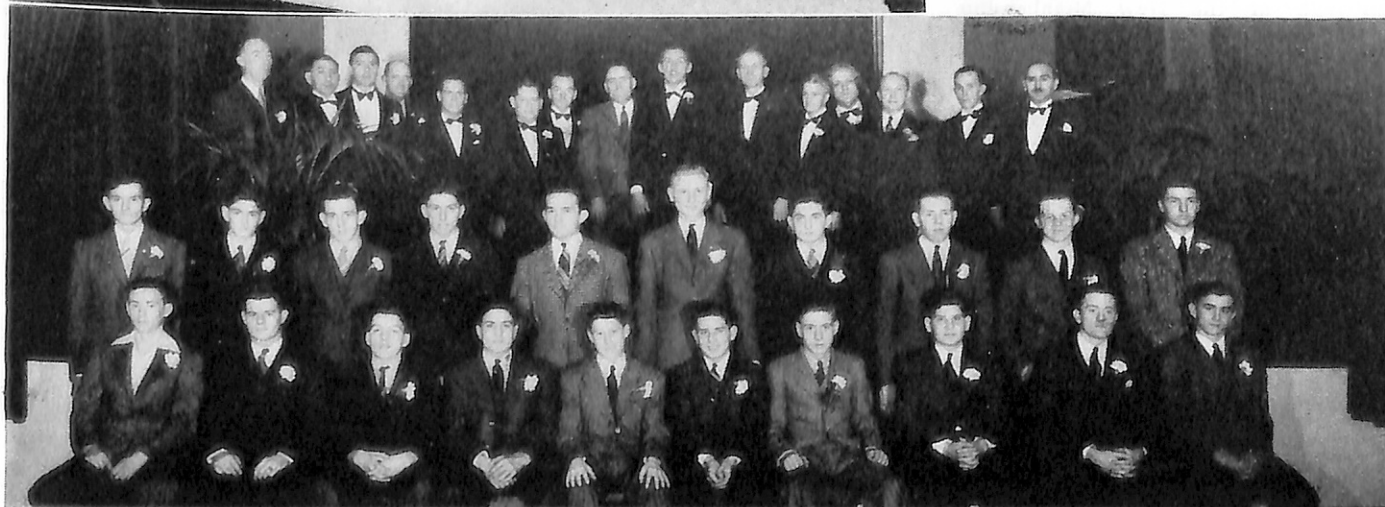


### Three Faiths Share in Charities Of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

Mayor Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury, Conn., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, addressed several hundred members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on December 17. In the course of his speech, Mr. Cunningham called attention to the aid the Elks are giving in the country's defense program and praised their work. Eighty candidates were initiated at the meeting, the ritualistic work being conducted by E.R. James W. Walsh and his staff of officers. The lodge voted contributions of \$1,000 each to be made to Catholic, Jewish and Protestant charities in Queens. Six hundred dollars, donated to the Queens Hospital Fund, was to be divided equally among six borough hospitals. The Red Cross, Salvation Army, Boy Scout campaign and the Queens Tuberculosis and Health Association were chosen to benefit by other allotments.

At a subsequent meeting, a check for \$1,000 to the Jewish Charities was presented to George J. Gross by Su-

Below is the Charter Member Class of Antlers affiliated with Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, and behind them are the Advisory Committee of Elks.





Right: A small portion of the crowd which was present when St. Joseph's and Immanuel Hospitals at Mankato, Minn., were given resuscitators by Mankato Lodge.

preme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., a member of the Grand Forum, representing the lodge; another to Dr. William Bennett, Exec. Secy. of the Queens Federation of Churches, a Protestant group, by P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch, and a third to the Rev. Peter W. Fox, accepting for the Catholic Charities group, with Charles Margett officiating for the lodge. Three speakers were introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Supreme Court Justice and P.E.R. of No. 878. Each represented a different faith. Presiding Justice Edward Lazansky of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court delivered the principal address. Judge Hallinan officiated during the speaking program at the request of E.R. Walsh who presided.

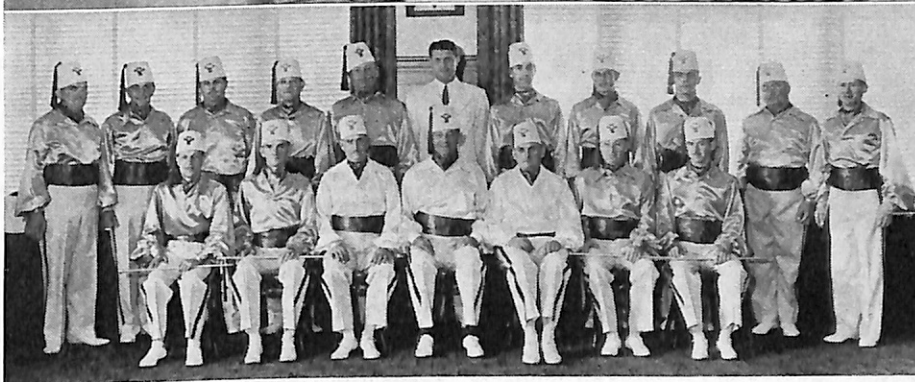
### Funeral of W. H. Reinhart Is Held At Home of Sandusky, O., Lodge

P.E.R. William H. Reinhart, of Sandusky, O., Lodge, No. 285, Past Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn. and former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who died in Cleveland Clinic on the last day of December, was buried from the Sandusky Lodge home on January 3. City officials and members of the Sandusky City Commission acted as honorary pallbearers and an escort of police and firemen was given the funeral cortege. Burial took place at Oakland Cemetery, Sandusky.

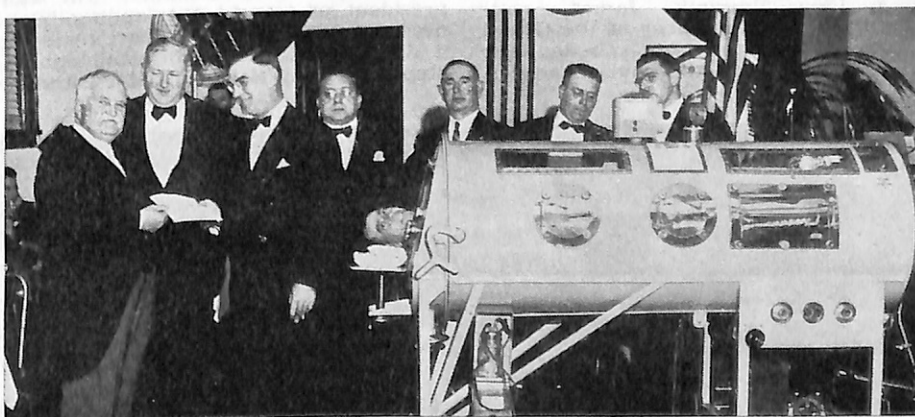
State Pres. E. B. LeSueur, of Toledo, delivered a eulogy during services conducted by the Rev. C. L. Alspach and the officers of Sandusky Lodge. The State Association was represented by Mr. LeSueur, Vice-Pres. Roy E. Bowersock of Lima, Secy. Harry D. Hale, Newark, Trustee Robert W. Dunkle,

At right is shown the ceremony attending the presentation of an "Iron Lung" to Nassau County by Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge.

Below are those who attended the 35th annual "Uncle Dan's Charity Dinner" held by Reno, Nev., Lodge. Two hundred and fifty members attended and over \$2,000 was raised.



Above is the uniformed Degree Team of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge.







Left is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, setting a match to the mortgage on the home of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge.

Below, left, is the championship basketball team entered by Dixon, Ill., Lodge in the Dixon Industrial League. Shown with them are their coach, business manager, and Walter C. Knack, their sponsor.

### Elks of Cleveland, O., Lodge Perform Humanitarian Act

Thanks to Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, young Bernard Bebout began the new year in a new world—a world of normal living after nearly three years of grim tragedy under a fearful handicap. The lodge financed the purchase of a pair of artificial legs for him a week before Christmas. The young man's happiness and gratitude aided him a great deal in mastering this new kind of walking and his progress was remarkable.

Young Bebout's tragic story started when he climbed into an empty box car near Morganza, Pa., in mid-February, 1937, and went to sleep. When he awoke the car was moving and the door was securely locked. Six days later yardmen kicked at a pile of rubbish in one end of the car on a siding in Cleveland and found him starved and nearly frozen to death. He was treated at St. Luke's Hospital and an attempt was made to restore circulation and thwart infection, but both legs had to be amputated.

The young man has an admirable spirit. He earns his keep by helping with the household duties in the bachelor home of Ralph Schollard, an X-ray technician at St. Luke's who took an interest in him at the time of the accident, and a month or two ago he assisted Mr. Schollard in remodeling his dwelling. Another person who became interested in the boy's plight was the secretary of Dr. R. V. May. The young lady started out to raise funds for the purchase of artificial legs for young Bebout. When she had collected \$70, Winfield Worline, of Cleveland Lodge, stepped into the picture. He directed a quiet investigation after which the Elks Social and Community Welfare Committee proposed that the lodge complete the purchase.

Chillicothe, and the following Past State Presidents: James R. Cooper and Charles L. Haslop, Newark, William G. Lambert and William F. Bruning, Cleveland, C. W. Wallace, Columbus, Charles W. Casselman, Alliance, George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky, George C. Canalos, Lorain, J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo, Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, Charles W. Fairbanks, Marion, and C. A. Lais, Norwalk. James Armistage of Elyria, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, James M. Lynch, Ashtabula, and Dr.

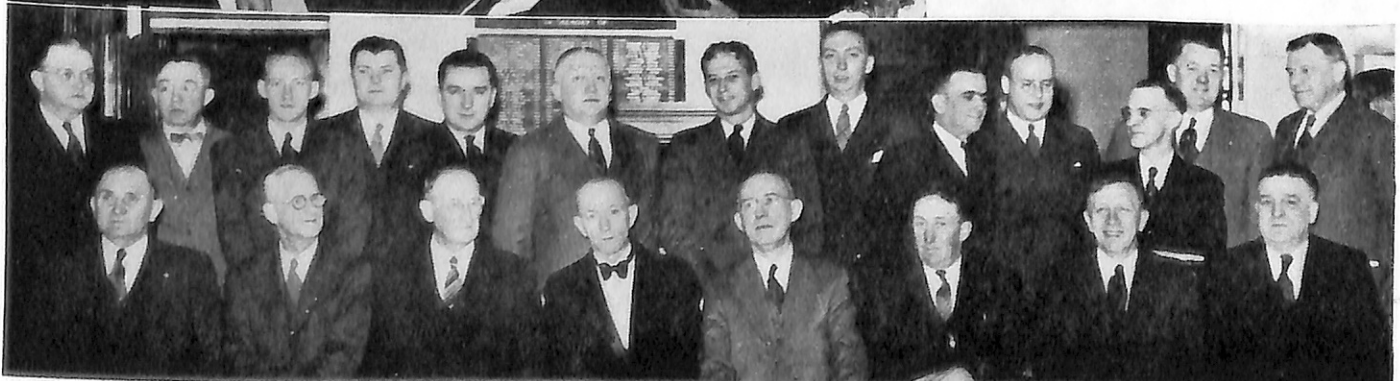
L. H. Whisler, Willard, Pres. and 1st Vice-Pres. respectively of the Ohio P.E.R.'s Assn., P.D.D. O. J. Shafer, Elyria, and Secy. George B. Carver, Toledo, also attended the services.

At the time of his death, Mr. Reinhart was a member of the City Commission; during the administration of Governor George White he was State Conservation Commissioner. He was president of several outstanding business enterprises. Mr. Reinhart's widow, a daughter, Mrs. Lucille Maibohm, a stepson, a brother and a sister survive.



Left, at dinner, is a recent class of candidates who were initiated into Brunswick, Ga., Lodge.

Below is the recently organized Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Lansford, Pa., Lodge.





Right is a scene at the ceremony when Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge presented an American Flag to every classroom in Shelbyville schools.

### Mount Vernon, O., Lodge Sponsors Scout Troop Unique in Membership

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Mount Vernon, O., Lodge, No. 140, is probably the only one of its kind in existence. All of the members of the Troop are boys who are battling incipient tuberculosis at the Ohio State Sanatorium. Dr. F. C. Anderson, Superintendent of the institution and a member of the lodge's Board of Governors, organized the Troop and is the guiding spirit behind its activities. The boys study nature lore and general scoutcraft on the sanatorium's large farm and assist as a unit on many occasions.

Equipment and uniforms are provided by the lodge. Several of the Troop's first members have been discharged as arrested cases and are continuing their scouting careers in their home towns. The organization has been valuable in creating a feeling of usefulness and ambition in the boys, many of them away from home for the first time. It is believed that the outdoor activity and strengthening of morale has aided greatly in improving their health.

### D. D. Francis Dorgan Visits New Bedford, Mass., Lodge

At a recent meeting of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73, D.D. Francis W. Dorgan, of Taunton Lodge, made his official visitation and addressed the members and 200 visiting Elks. After the initiation of a class of candidates, a recess was taken and the District Deputy made the presentation of a beautiful American Flag to the Charles W. Morgan Troop No. 37, Sea Scouts of America, the Troop sponsored by New Bedford Lodge. The Flag was accepted by A. P. Ouellette, skipper, and ten other Sea Scouts who were present.

P.D.D.'s Hugh T. McNeill and Harold J. T. Hughes, Fall River, Francis J. O'Neil, Attleboro, William J. Dalton, Norwood, and M. G. Sartoris were speakers. The latter, who is Secretary of the lodge at New Bedford, presented Mr. Dorgan with a set of "whaling city" bookends. A bountiful dinner was served, followed by entertainment.

Right is the Degree Team of Brainerd, Minn., Lodge which recently initiated classes at Fergus Falls, Hibbing and Brainerd and several other lodges.

Below are a number of Elks who were present at the 50th Anniversary celebration of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge.



### Festivities Mark Golden Jubilee Celebration of Sharon, Pa., Lodge

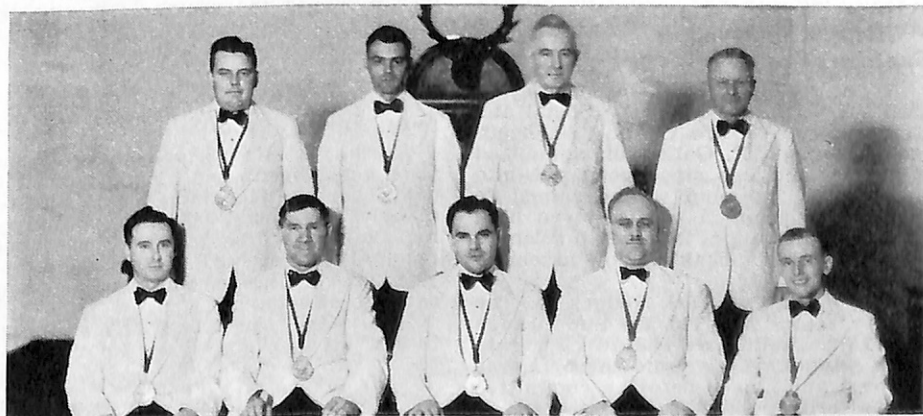
Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103, celebrated its 50th anniversary during the week of January the 12th. The lodge home was beautifully decorated in gold, purple and white.

A stag smoker and a floor show were staged on Friday night, followed on Saturday night by a banquet, entertainment and a dance. The Hon. Fred A. Service, introduced by E.R. E. E. McWhertor, Jr., acted as Toastmaster. The lodge was praised for its fifty years of service in a fine address delivered by the principal speaker, Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge, and also congratulated by D.D. Ward M. Knoblow, Meadville, Past State Pres.'s James G. Bohlender, Franklin, and F. J. Schrader, Allegheny, assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and P.D.D.'s Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, Howard Ellis, Beaver Falls, R. C. Robinson, Wilkesburg, and C. Herman Hess, New Castle. Response was made by P.D.D. John T. Lyons of Sharon Lodge. At the conclusion of the banquet, Mr. Kyle was presented with a set of engraved stainless steel plates.

### Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Adds 425 Names to Membership Roll

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, celebrated the completion of its successful "Membership Effort" at an elaborate Victory Banquet and Night in Havana Party at the Hotel Hilton on December 14. More than 600 were in attendance. Appellate Court Justice Marshall F. McComb, Los Angeles, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; State Pres. Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles; Past Pres. L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Lloyd C. Leedom, Long Beach, and E.R. Berry Merritt, Long Beach, participated in ceremonies honoring the individual champion, Prentice G. Smith, who signed up 26 new Elks, and the members of the winning team. Membership Chairman Roger A. Howell presided.

One hundred and seventy-five new members and two hundred reinstatements and dimitts were obtained during the two-month "effort". Twenty ten-man teams under the direction of Colonel Roger Howell, and Majors P. G. Smith, Jack L. Riordan, Burt C. Car-

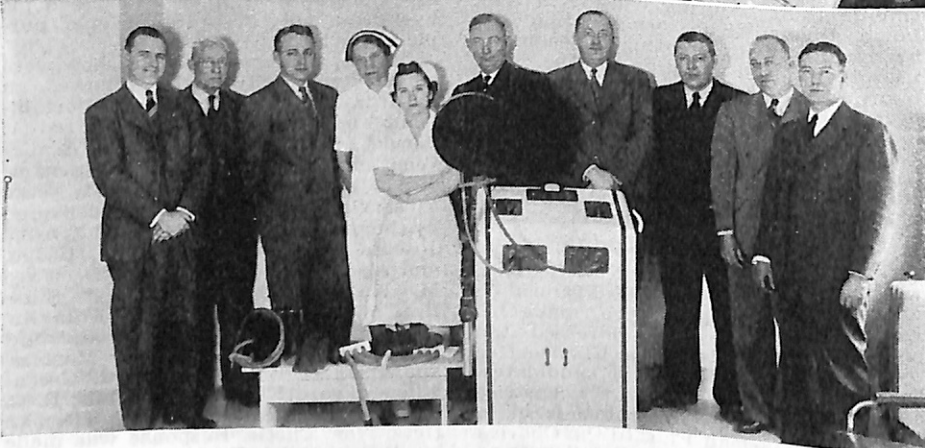






Above are some of those who attended a banquet given by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge to celebrate the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge's home.

Right are members of Ames, Ia., Lodge and members of the City Hospital staff at the presentation by the Lodge of a short-wave generator with Electro surgical knife.



stensen, Robert P. Mohrbacker, Clyde E. Holland and twenty team captains conducted the endeavor. Fifty new Elks were initiated in November, fifty in December and seventy on January 13 as members of the "Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch Class". Chairman Arthur B. Cheroske of the Board of Trustees, announces that Long Beach lodge is enjoying one of the most successful years in its 37-year history.

#### Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Speakers For County High Schools

At a recent meeting of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, the Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by Stephen F. Gallagher, submitted a plan which has since been put into operation. The plan was designed to foster Americanism in the eleven high schools of Orange County, furnishing twenty-minute speakers for assembly periods.

The other two Elk lodges in the county, Santa Ana No. 794 and Orange No. 1475, readily agreed to cooperate with Anaheim Lodge and the plan was adopted and placed before a committee of the Principals' Association, meeting with the committee's hearty approval. Several assignments were made and judging from the reception accorded the first group of speakers, it would appear that the project will continue to be successful. The plan imposes no financial burden on the lodges, requiring only the enthusiastic support of those members who are able and will-

ing to speak before the student bodies. It is felt that their talks will impress upon the youth of high school age the importance of the American way of life and of government. The committee was prepared to furnish from two to four speakers at each high school during the school year.

#### Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge Divides a Fund Among Local Sunday Schools

Checks totaling a substantial sum have been distributed among the Sunday Schools of Hoquiam, Wash., by Hoquiam Lodge No. 1082. Every Sunday School in the city, irrespective of denomination, received a cash donation. The size of the check was based on average attendance.

Heretofore the lodge has given a theatre party every winter for the chil-

dren. This winter it was decided to turn over the money to the teachers to defray the cost of the customary parties that are financed usually by the Sunday Schools.

#### Denver, Colo., Lodge Holds Its Annual Sister Lodge Meeting

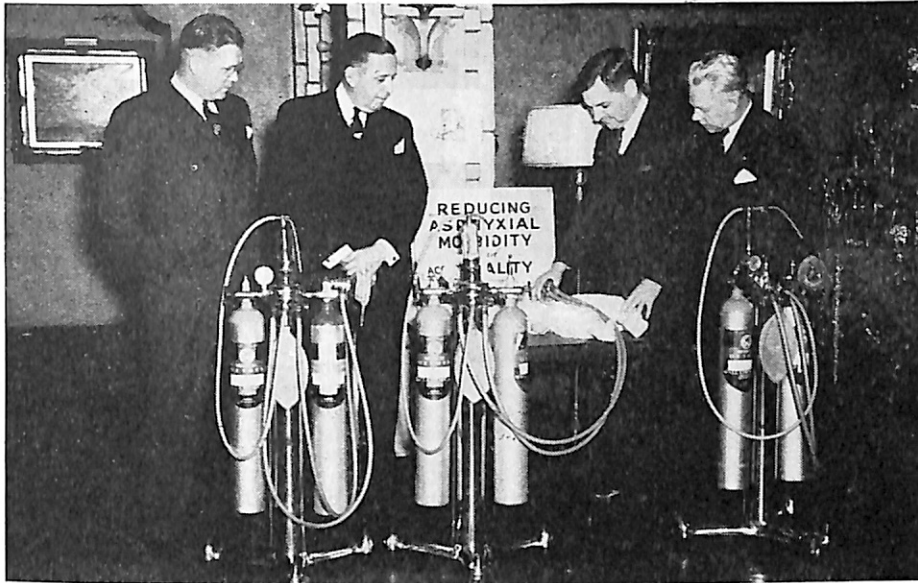
Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, on January 16, held its annual Sister Lodge Meeting which was attended by four hundred and fifty Elks, a great many of whom came from the other thirty-four lodges of the State. Past Exalted Ruler Jacob L. Sherman, Grand Tiler, was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements and presided at the meeting. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, was the principal speaker.

E.R. James J. Pitt welcomed the

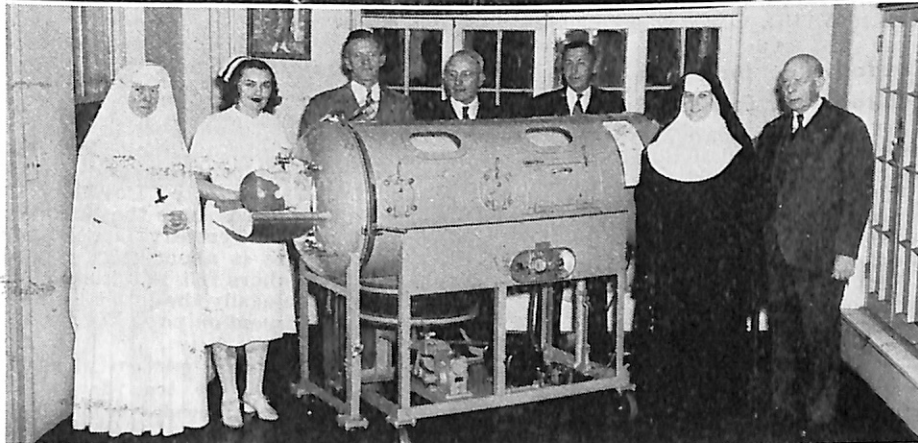


Right is a picture made on the occasion of the initiation of U. S. Senator-elect Hugh A. Butler. Shown with him are the officers of Omaha, Neb., Lodge who initiated him.





Left are those who were present when Elks of Aurora, Ill., Lodge presented resuscitators to three Aurora hospitals.



Above are Elks of Watertown, N.Y., Lodge when they presented an "Iron Lung" to the Mercy Hospital in their city.



#### Events on Elks' Program Completed Recently at Cumberland, Maryland

Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, entertained the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association at its first regional meeting, presided over by President C. Ray Hare, of

Left is the softball team which is Michigan State Champion, Class C. This team is sponsored by the members of Niles, Mich., Lodge.

Below is the 15th Anniversary Class, initiated by South Haven, Mich., Lodge. The occasion marked the first appearance of the Lodge's uniformed Drill Team.







Left is the float entered by Waterville, Me., Lodge in a recent parade sponsored by the local Post of the American Legion. The float won first prize.

### New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Entertains Group of Volunteers

Shortly before they went into training at Fort Dix, nine young men who had volunteered to enter the service before their turn were entertained by New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324. The group, welcomed by E.R. Frank V. Ballou, was addressed by P.E.R. Robert C. Carlson.

The party was arranged by the lodge officers. Dinner was served in the Elks' dining room and each guest was presented with a carton of cigarettes by Secy. Edward M. Kane, P.E.R. Mr. Kane acquainted the young men with the fact that the home of No. 324 would be open to them whenever they returned to New Brunswick and assured them that they would be warmly welcomed in other lodge homes when visiting elsewhere.

### Elks of Spokane, Wash., Aid War Sufferers of Coventry

In the desire to aid British war victims by donating clothing for men, women and children, Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, selected Coventry for special aid. At that time the town was one of the most recently bombed and because its size is about that of Spokane, the members felt that they could visualize more easily the intense suffering.

(Continued on page 34)

At bottom are 50 members of a class initiated into Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, surrounded by officers and fellow members.

Salisbury, Md., Lodge. A Saturday night ball honoring the visitors preceded the meeting which took place on Sunday. An afternoon's entertainment was provided in the lounge of the lodge home by a professional instrumental trio, and supper was served after the business meeting for guests and members.

Other outstanding events on No. 63's program of the past few months were the official visit of D.D. A. Guy Miller, of Annapolis, who addressed the large class of candidates initiated that evening, and a visit to Hagerstown, Md., Lodge at which the State championship ritualistic team of Cumberland Lodge conducted initiatory ceremonies. Past Pres. Philip U. Gayaut, of Washington, D. C., a member of the Grand Lodge

Below are many of those who attended the dinner given for the Youngstown College football champions by Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge.

Committee on Judiciary, delivered the principal address at a beautiful service held by the local lodge on the stage of the Maryland Theatre in Cumberland. The program was broadcasted by radio station WTBO.

### Kendallville, Ind., Elks Honor Veteran Past Exalted Ruler

"Clint Case Night" was observed recently by Kendallville, Ind., Lodge, No. 1194, with a meeting, attended by a hundred members, and a turkey dinner served by the Social Sessions Committee. P.E.R. C. M. Case was the guest of honor.

Esquire of the lodge since 1916, Mr. Case has conducted every candidate through his initiation except three. Mr. Case is 90 years old. For the past 30 years he has served the lodge with ability and devotion. He holds one of the few honorary life memberships issued by No. 1194.





# CANADA AT WAR

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**GREATEST PLAYGROUND IN THE WORLD**

**14 Million\* Americans**  
*Say so!*

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He will soon tell you how easy it is to cross the border; how courteously you are received everywhere; how free you are to move about; how willingly banks, hotels and stores pay the premium on American currency; how easy it is to leave Canada when you please.

And he'll tell you about the wonderful vacationland this great north country really is; how cool and bracing, with fine modern highways stretching in all directions, accommodations to suit all budgets and unlimited scope for every kind of holiday.

Yes, Canada welcomes you as never before. She offers you the freedom of her towering mountains, untracked forests, sparkling lakelands, silver seashores, brilliant cities, lovely towns and of all her broad historic countryside.

\*Over 14,100,000 United States citizens visited Canada in 1940. This tremendous number, over 10% of the total U.S. population, does not include the many millions who came to Canada for less than 48 hours; it includes only those who stayed in Canada for more than two days.

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**IT IS JUST AS EASY TO RETURN\* TO THE  
UNITED STATES AS IT IS TO ENTER CANADA**

WAS IT EASY TO  
RETURN TO THE U.S.A. ?

NO TROUBLE  
AT ALL MY DEAR !

WE SIMPLY SHOWED OUR  
SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS TO  
THE IMMIGRATION OFFICER,  
BUT HE SAID ALMOST ANY  
IDENTIFICATION WOULD DO !

WELL, IF IT'S THAT EASY, WE'LL  
GO TO CANADA THIS YEAR  
...IT'S A TRIP I'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED !

☆ The U.S. Department of State, Washington, suggests U.S. citizens carry some documents of identification such as old passports, birth or baptismal certificates, naturalization certificates, club cards, tax bills, or similar papers.





Above is a class of candidates initiated recently into Topeka, Kans., Lodge.



At left is the float entered by Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge in a recent parade sponsored by the local American Legion Post.

ing there by picturing what a similar catastrophe would mean in their own beautiful city.

Clothing, most of it of fine quality and all of it in excellent condition, was stacked high in the vestibule of the lodge home. The members had responded whole-heartedly to the plea made the week before by E.R. Paul F. Schiffner.

Articles of wearing apparel ranged from shoes and hats to dresses, suits and coats. One Elk turned in a new suit he had never worn; another gave a light camel's hair overcoat, warm and luxurious and practically new.

On the night of the presentation, Mr. Schiffner turned the collection over to Harold C. Whitehouse, Chairman of the

local Bundles for Britain organization. The members were provided with extra-special entertainment as a reward for their generosity. The evening was topped off with the serving of their favorite collation, Polish sausage sandwiches and hot coffee.

#### Local Schools Receive Patriotic Gifts From Elks of Troy, N. Y.

Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, has presented gifts of a patriotic nature to all of the schools and colleges in Troy and Lansingburg as a gesture of good will and with the hope that their display will instill in the minds of the pupils a greater love of country and a keener appreciation of its traditions. To the 30 grammar schools and institutions, public, private and parochial, were delivered reproductions in color of the painting "Good Enough for Me" by Albert T. Reid, depicting "Uncle Sam" with a hand on the shoulder of a typical American boy, both looking as if for guidance at the figure of George Washington. To the high schools went re-



Left are members of the "Boosters Club" of Barberton, Ohio, Lodge, who wear purple fezzes when they have sponsored a new member this year.

Below are those who were present at the second annual Old Timers' ball game held by Anaheim, Calif., Lodge.





productions in color of the famous portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart. Photo-lithographic reproductions of the famous Houdon bust of Washington were included among the gifts.

The official presentation to Superintendent of Schools George H. Krug was made by E.R. Benjamin A. Singleton and T. M. Guerin, Jr., Committee Chairman. Last year Troy Lodge presented the various schools with photostatic reproductions of the original Bill of Rights. The lodge plans to present the schools with additional patriotic gifts as part of its civic and community work.

#### D.D. John Driscoll Visits His Home Lodge at Maynard, Mass.

D.D. John A. Driscoll's homecoming visit to Maynard, Mass., Lodge, No. 1568, drew a large attendance of members and visiting Elks among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, John F. Burke, Boston, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., Past Pres.'s William E. Earle of Newton Lodge, William F. Hogan, Everett, and Dr. Thomas F. Tierney of Hudson, C. J. Callahan, a member of Maynard Lodge, who served in France with Gen. Pershing, and 15 Past District Deputies. The District Deputy and his Esquire, P.E.R. Alexander S. Crowe, were escorted into the lodge room by an official suite consisting of Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge. Sixteen Legionnaires in uniform, all members of No. 1568, acted as a Guard of Honor for the large class initiated during the meeting.

Maynard Lodge is the youngest lodge in Massachusetts. It carries on a vast amount of charity work in the community, supplying eyeglasses, clothing and medical aid to the needy, sponsors a milk fund in the schools, and is a paid-up member of the Elks National Foundation.

#### Creston, Ia., Lodge Observes Its Fortieth Anniversary

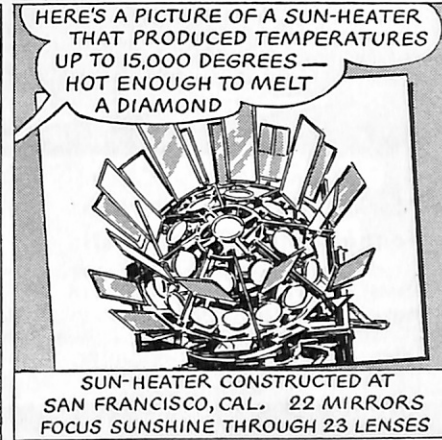
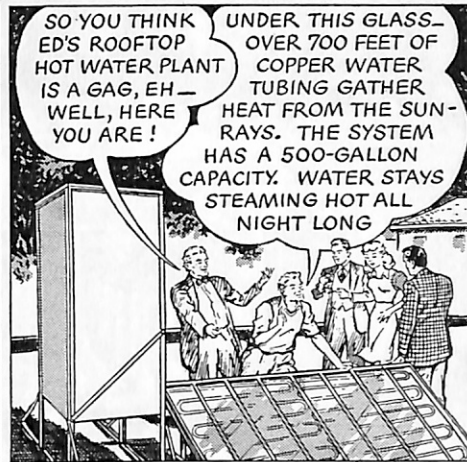
Initiation ceremonies and social activities attended the celebration, on December 5, of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of Creston, Ia., Lodge, No. 605. The official visit of District Deputy A. D. Bailey, of Fort Dodge Lodge, added prestige to the occasion.

Several charter members were introduced at the anniversary banquet which preceded the meeting. Covers were laid for more than 100 members of the local lodge.

#### Corvallis and Eugene, Ore., Elks Exchange Annual Fraternal Visits

Following their annual custom, Corvallis and Eugene, Ore., Lodges exchanged fraternal visits not long ago. The officers and forty members of Corvallis Lodge No. 1413, traveling in a special chartered bus, made the first visit. More than four hundred Elks, representing twenty-one lodges, enjoyed the meeting and the vaudeville program provided by the Elks' Entertainment Committee. A Dutch Lunch was served in the gymnasium of the lodge home. On their reciprocal visit, the officers and members of Eugene Lodge were treated to a fine feed and similar entertainment.

## WONDERS OF AMERICA Saddling Sunlight



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, **PRINCE ALBERT BURNED**

# 86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED - **COOLEST OF ALL!**



**50** PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

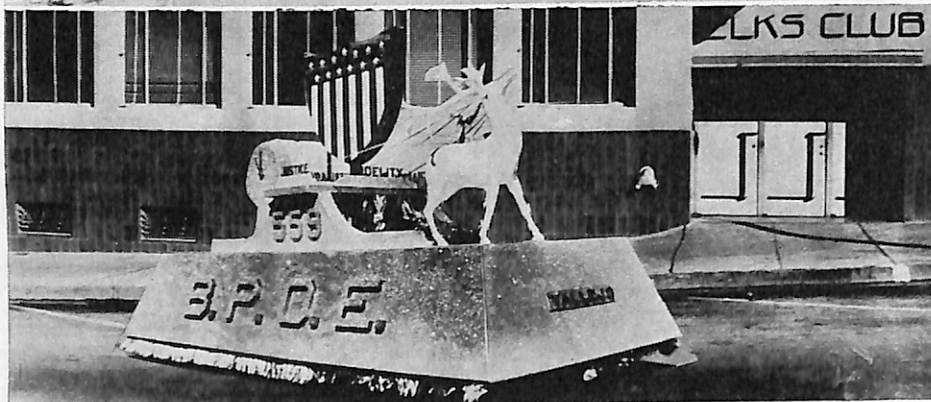
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE





At left are Elks, school teachers and principals at the close of the Manual Arts Exhibit and Hobby Show sponsored by the Georgia State Elks Assn., Fifth District Charities Committee.



Below, left, is a float entered by Vallejo, Calif., Lodge in a community Constitution Day Parade, held in that city.

luncheon was served. The main feature of the menu was "beans for the ex-army boys", cooked by Charles Kelso in regulation "Maine Bean Hole" style. One hundred and fifty Elks and Legionnaires attended.

#### **Passing of Valuable Officer Bereaves Marshall, Tex., Lodge**

The death of Ray Clark, of Marshall, Tex., Lodge, No. 683, twice Exalted Ruler of the lodge and Secretary for the past twenty-five years, died on Christmas Day, 1940. His son, R. J. Clark, succeeded him as Secretary.

Below are Elks of Taft, Calif., Lodge, shown with the flag pole, plaque and flag which they presented to the city. D.D. L. O. Basteen of Tulare made the presentation.

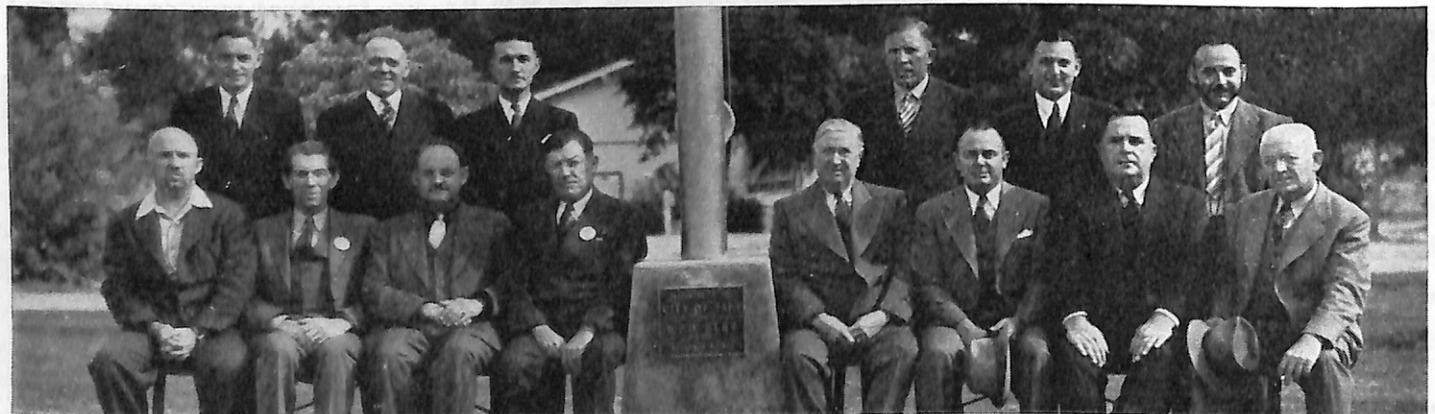
#### **St. Maries, Ida., Elks Entertain Legionnaires from Three Posts**

A special program was presented when St. Maries Lodge No. 1418 acted as host to the American Legion Posts of St. Maries, Plummer and Tekoa, Ida. Charles McMurray, Commander of the

Coeur D'Alene Post, discussed "Boys' State" to which the Elks may send a representative this year.

The principal address was made by D.D. William S. Hawkins of Coeur D'Alene, Ida., Lodge, who spoke on "Fraternal Americanism". Excellent entertainment was presented and a hot

At bottom are officers of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Lodge and the Boy Scout Troop recruited and equipped by the Lodge. This troop is comprised of Ohio boys who are battling incipient tuberculosis at the Ohio State Sanatorium.





**Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge Presents  
Prints to School For Deaf**

A set of twelve framed prints, reproduced from Louis Bonhajo's original paintings of Abraham Lincoln, was presented recently by Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682, to the Illinois School for the Deaf. At a special assembly, presided over by P.E.R. Dan T. Cloud, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., the presentation was made by E.R. George T. Lukeman, Jr., who expressed the hope that the gift would inspire the students to carry on the ideals and aims of the Great Emancipator.

The prints were hung in the Selah Wait Building along with a bronze plaque bearing the inscription "Abraham Lincoln, Immortal American". Formal acceptance was made by Mr. Cloud who is connected with the school in an official capacity. Secy. Denham Harney and other officers of Lincoln Lodge were present at the ceremonies which featured an appropriate program and attracted an exceptionally large audience.

**Aurora, Ill., Lodge Gives Three  
Resuscitators to Local Hospitals**

Aurora, Ill., was presented recently with three E. and J. resuscitators by Aurora Lodge No. 705. Purchase of the equipment, in the sum of \$1,275, was financed mainly from the proceeds of the Elks' Society Horse Show. The Show was a tremendous success and is expected to be held annually for the benefit of the lodge's charity fund which finances work for crippled children and other worthy causes.

One resuscitator was placed in each of the three hospitals in the city. The members of the Elks' committee which arranged the purchase were Exalted Ruler Thomas P. O'Malley, who also served as Chairman of the Horse Show, Co-Chairman John W. Samels, Past Exalted Ruler, Secretary Leonard Applequist, and Dr. Karl Kaiser, Inner Guard. Dr. Kaiser gave an interesting demonstration of how the respirator works, using a "breathing" doll as an imaginary patient.

**Millville, N. J., Elks Take  
Young Patients to Specialists**

The Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, which holds to no one season in its work, started the new year with many calls for special medical aid. Two small children and a young girl were among the first patients taken to Trenton specialists by Chairman Eugene Galaher who was accompanied on his mission by E.R. and Mrs. William Schmickel. Arrangements were made for admission to Trenton hospitals of several others listed by the committee for early examination and treatment.

**U. S. Senator E. W. McFarland  
Joins Tucson, Ariz., Lodge**

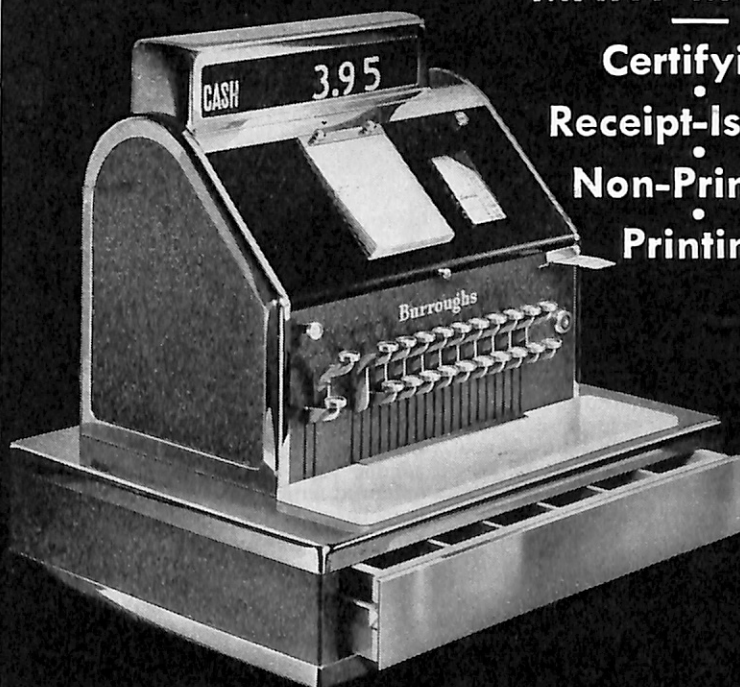
As a member of a class of 26 candidates, U. S. Senator Ernest W. McFarland was initiated into Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, prior to taking his seat in the Senate. The Senator-elect had expressed his desire to become an Elk before he left for Washington to take up his senatorial duties.

The ceremonies were well attended. Among those present were P.E.R. Ray N. Campbell of Yuma Lodge, District Deputy for Arizona, South, who made his official visit to Tucson Lodge on that occasion.

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Above is a section of the candidates who were initiated into Olean, N. Y., Lodge by their officers. A picture of the other section appeared in last month's issue.

Right are members of San Juan, P. R., Lodge and their friends who were in the audience at a recent patriotic rally held by San Juan Lodge.



### Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Honors Member With Anniversary Party

More than 800 southern California Elks enjoyed the elaborate program put on by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, on January 20 which featured an anniversary dinner, lodge meeting, fun stunts, a drawing for the \$175 "Pot of Silver" and a ten-act vaudeville show. Charles A. Gradot, celebrating his golden anniversary as an Elk and his 77th birthday, was the guest of honor. E.R. Berry Merritt presided.

Mr. Gradot joined Savannah, Ga., Lodge, No. 183, as a charter member and in all his fifty years as an Elk has missed but six lodge meetings and those on account of illness. He is one of No. 888's most active members. During the anniversary festivities he was presented with a beautiful 50-year pin by P.E.R. Carroll M. Counts, the gift of a fellow member, Charles Grant, and Mrs. Grant, and an engraved cigarette case and lighter by Est. Loy. Knight Alex W. Hill, a gift from the lodge. D.D. Lloyd C. Leedom, Long Beach, and Past State Pres., L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, attended.

### Lima, O., Lodge Presents 104 Members With 25-Year Buttons

At its regular meeting on January 23, Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, honored those members who were initiated 25 years ago or more. All of the chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers. D.D. Harry Kahn of Wapakoneta, the speaker of the occasion, presented 104 members of Lima Lodge with 25-year buttons. Approximately 200 Elks attended the meeting and enjoyed a splendid supper. Venison for the repast was furnished by one of the members, Ben L. Jauman.

Below are (standing) a class of candidates and (seated) members of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge who gave a turkey banquet to celebrate their induction on the occasion of D.D. Stewart McReynolds' official visit.

### Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge Extends A Welcome to All Visiting Elks

The Elks of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380, enjoyed a fish dinner recently, given by one of their fellow members, George Klein, owner of the Klein Center Tourist Court in the city. Six Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge were present. Alaska and eleven States were represented among the visitors.

A committee from Hot Springs Lodge called on General Pershing when he was a guest at the Army and Navy Hospital in January and a floral greeting was sent to him. The lodge extends an invitation to all Elks to drop in for a visit when in the vicinity. Almost 300 visitors registered at the lodge home last year. Five applications voted on and one presented at the same meeting not long ago were all secured by Major McGregor Snodgrass, retired army officer, now making his home in Hot Springs.





### Oelwein, Ia., Lodge Gives a Stag Party With Great Success

An Elks' Stag Party and a Smoker were held recently in the club rooms of Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741. Fred Lynes, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, presided over the program which was preceded by a chicken dinner served to more than 250 members of the Order.

D.D. Arthur P. Lee was accompanied by 12 members of his home lodge, Marshalltown No. 312. Bob Elson, popular Chicago sports announcer, was the main speaker. E.R. Paul Gabrielson was one of several who made brief addresses. Among the guests were William "Dad" Cressy, Pres. of the Cedar Valley Baseball League, "Doc" Dorman, athletic coach of Upper Iowa University, and many baseball celebrities.

### Trustee J. M. Kohler Is Honored At Waltham, Mass., Lodge Home

An Elk for 25 years and for 17 years an active worker in the interest of Waltham, Mass., Lodge, No. 953, Joseph M. Kohler, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, was tendered a testimonial banquet recently, an expression of esteem and appreciation of the members of the lodge, business associates and other friends. The dinner was followed by brief speeches touching upon the services Mr. Kohler has given unstintingly, and the presentation, by P.E.R. John H. Walsh, of a wrist watch as a memento of the occasion. Attending were 125 men, including several of Mr. Kohler's co-workers from the Waltham News-Tribune, of which Mr. Kohler is business manager, and members of other lodges.

Presiding at the head table were E.R. James J. Slamin and Toastmaster John S. Bosworth. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. William M. Noone of Newton, Mass., Lodge, the impressive ceremony being heightened by use of chimes presented to the lodge by P.E.R. Francis A. Shanley. Mr. Kohler became a member of Waltham Lodge by transfer from Bronx, N.Y., Lodge. He served seven years as a member of the House Committee, five as Chairman, and in other important capacities, and at all times his accomplishments have been noteworthy.

### A Grateful District Receives An Iron Lung From Walla Walla Elks

Acting on behalf of the public in the district, Mayor Val Jensen of Walla Walla, Wash., accepted recently an Iron Lung presented by Walla Walla Lodge No. 287. More than 1,000 citizens attended the public ceremony at the lodge home, the official presentation being made by E.R. W. E. Bowe.

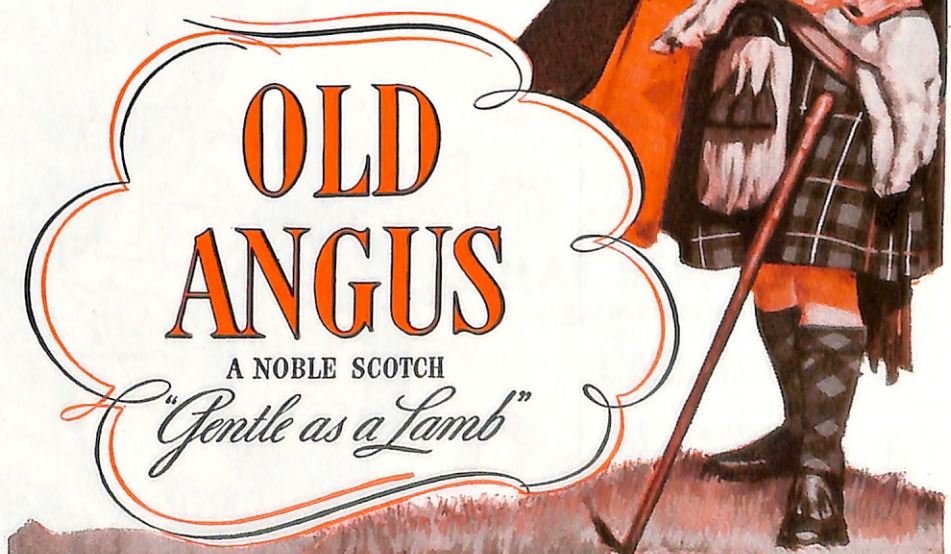
The respirator, the first of its kind ever seen in Walla Walla, was on view for public inspection both in the afternoon and evening. Two demonstrations were given during each period by Dr. Melvin Warren, assistant health officer of Pierce County, assisted by a graduate nurse. Three additional demonstrations were given the next morning at St. Mary's Hospital, where the machine is permanently located, for the benefit of graduate and student nurses of the district. The members of the committee which decided upon the type of device to be purchased—an Orthopedic Parker-Collins Respirator—were Dr. Harry C. Cowan and P.E.R.'s Joseph F. Chamberlain and Dr. Elmer E. Hill.

(Continued on page 55)



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**OLD ANGUS and SODA**

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# One Man Navy

(Continued from page 11)

whose mettle he knew, gentlemen of the sea, his friends. In his crew were seamen who had been with him from the first day he sailed the *Alfred*. Jones was inordinately proud. At last he could go it alone, free from political buffeting, free to work his way!

After the first meetings with Jones, Benjamin Franklin said, "When face to face with him neither man nor, as far as I can learn, woman can resist the strange magnetism of his presence, the indescribable charm of his manner." All Paris was to say the same thing. Jones' devotion to Franklin was like that of a son; and it never waned. To Franklin, Jones made his first full confession of the killing in Tobago. Franklin's practical good sense gave him more than absolution; it removed a relentless phobia from his consciousness.

Franklin again was first to hear his plan of strategy for beating down the British navy, an expansion of the plan rejected earlier by the Marine Committee. "I have always been persuaded," Jones argued, "that small squadrons could be employed to far better advantage on private expeditions, and would distress the enemy infinitely more than the same force could do by cruising either jointly or separately." Their numbers being superior, "we would surprise their defenseless places, and thereby divide their attention, and draw it off the coasts". At last he had a listener with imagination and understanding.

In January, 1778, Franklin and Deane gave him leave to take the *Ranger* and fight for American freedom in any way which would harass the enemy effectively. They gave no instructions regarding his operations, so long as he kept within the terms of his commission, which was broad indeed. Right as the matter was, Congress would have argued him off the floor.

Perhaps he really was a romantic egotist, for the first thing he did was to make a little raid on Whitehaven, in sight of his birthplace, and near the estate of the Earl of Selkirk on St. Mary's Isle, where he had played as a boy. Very humble he was then, the son of a lowly gardener and a lady's maid—but now he was captain in the navy of the United States of America! He couldn't refrain from confiscating the Earl's silver plate to show who was head man now. He returned it later, which again was quite in character. In his *Journal* Jones says he made the

visit "to gratify my own feelings". It isn't a bad idea after all to check one's progress up the ladder.

The encounter between the *Ranger* and the *Drake*, following hard on Whitehaven, was the overture to a drama of unrivalled proportions for its time. This victory over British Captain Burden set a new standard of comparison. No American fighting ship had ever attacked an English man-of-war off England's own shore. Nor had an American commander ever carried a British warship into an allied port as a prize. When he sailed into Brest and was challenged by the harbor patrol, Jones trumpeted proudly, "The American Continental ship *Ranger* of eighteen guns, Captain Paul Jones! The prize is His Britannic Majesty's late ship, the *Drake* of twenty guns!" That proved to the French that the American navy could be counted on, thus strengthening French faith in the ultimate victory of the colonies.

The real drama began with his greatest accomplishment, the victory of the *Bon Homme Richard* over the *Serapis*—the greatest—that is, if one considers a man's preparation to be implied in his reaction to the situation. The very magnitude of the victory was against him. When drama begins with climax, the force of the protagonist turns often to lesser uses, or is dissipated by some constant deterrent. That happened to Paul Jones. The unfailing deterrent was, of course, the Congress, plus Jones' own bent for large plans and vigorous action. There would be little question that, if given the opportunity, he would have produced results on the sea second only to Washington's on land.

No sooner, for example, had he returned to France with the *Drake* in tow, than his beloved *Ranger* was

taken from him, sent back to the States by the American Commissioners, obviously on orders from Congress. To this day no one knows exactly why. Then, for five months, he had no opportunity to fight. The French promised him a command, but repeatedly the minister of marine, Marquis de Sartine, put him off. So anxious was Jones to carry on that he besought one of his earliest friends in Paris, the Duchess de Chatres, mother of Louis Philippe, to intercede with Louis XVI, the locksmith.

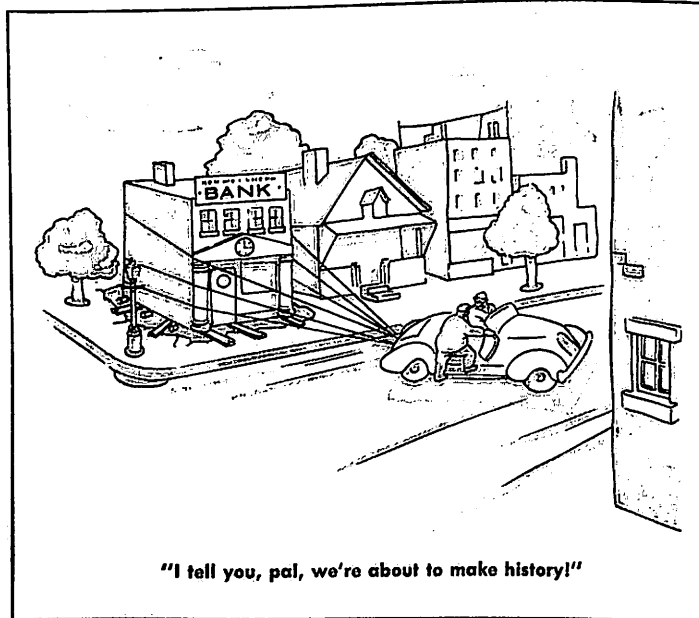
THE king then ordered de Sartine to supply him with a fighting vessel. The best they could find was the *Duras*, a bulky transport of many years' usage. The Duchess gave Jones \$47,000 for reconditioning. Joyously, he overhauled and equipped it—new spars and rigging, new artillery, and some old French guns to round out his complement. He still had the sturdiest men from the *Ranger*, who would not leave him. With a princely bow to Franklin, he changed the name to *Bon Homme Richard*.

His good fortune grew. Now he was to have a whole squadron of French and American ships, with himself as commander-in-chief. The added vessels had French captains, except the *Alliance*, which had come over from America, commanded by a strange, unbalanced officer in the American navy, Landais by name. Jones was in his glory. The squadron of seven ships sailed August 14, 1779, to raid the English coast, and levy millions from the larger cities.

Treachery rode the wind with him. Secret orders had been issued by the marine ministry to each ship's captain that the squadron was not really under the complete command of Jones. They were to give him

outward obedience, but each could handle his ship as he wished, and take it where he wanted. All unity of action was destroyed. The happiest warrior in the world was the loneliest commander alive. He realized later that France had no wish to see an American navy dim or menace her own. There is an even chance that Jones would have sailed on into the Channel, even if he had known the unhappy truth. Destiny whispered. Harm's way was his way.

Then, ship by ship, his squadron melted away—first the *Monsieur*, which, it is believed, Marie Antoinette bought for Jones; then the *Cerf* dropped out; then Landais with the *Alliance*; then the



"I tell you, pal, we're about to make history!"



*Pallas* and the *Vengeance*. Their excuses variously included storms, unruly crews and the necessity of carrying prizes home. Landais not only deserted, but even returned to fire a broadside at the *Bon Homme Richard*!

As a sunny afternoon waned Jones saw in the distance an English man-of-war. There had been minor fights, sinkings and prizes, but nothing like this. Gradually Jones edged in, with purpose to come between the enemy and the shore. The two ships drew together. Jones recognized his opponent as the *Serapis*, 44-50 guns, new and pliable, superior in every way, a dangerous opponent for the heavy, old *Bon Homme Richard*. When near enough to hail, the *Serapis* called, "What ship is that?"

"Can't hear you!" the *Bon Homme Richard* parried.

"Answer or I'll fire!"

Paul Jones took the trumpet. "Fire and be damned to you!" he cried. The man was a sentence-maker, no question of that.

His indomitable will overcame hazard after hazard. When the aged French guns burst, he fell back on his last remaining tier, and then to fighting from his tops. At one stage, twelve men in succession were killed at the *Serapis*' wheel. Jones' armament was down to three guns. Both ships were afire. The foundering *Bon Homme Richard* had five feet of water in the hold. The *Serapis* was hammering her to pieces.

Jones determined to close in and

fight it out with small arms. This the *Serapis* tried to prevent. As she veered about to use the portside guns, her anchor line fouled the *Bon Homme Richard*'s. The two ships found themselves side by side, locked in a struggle to the death.

Fire had spread to the *Bon Homme Richard*'s rigging. Its flagstaff was shot off and the Flag fell into the water. Thinking that it had been lowered by intention, the English Captain Pearson called, "Do I understand you have struck?"

Jones roared back, "I've just begun to fight!"

The battle heightened. His men boarded the *Serapis* and struggled hand to hand. Jones himself fought in turn with musket, pike and cutlass. Then, like a flash, he devised one last piece of strategy. He had seen that the enemy's main hatch, where the powder was stored, had become partly uncovered. He sent two of the men aloft, to crawl along a yardarm. On the third attempt they dropped grenades into the opening. The explosion blew up the hatch, wrecked the guns, toppled the mainmast overboard, killing fifty men. That ended the fight.

Despite Jones' desire to bring the *Bon Homme Richard* into port, he found her too far gone. The timbers were rotten beyond patching. The masts had been cleaved by concussion. Even as the men struggled to pump out the hold, she settled steadily. Next morning the ship began to sink. The end was described by ship-

mate Kilby, "She went down head foremost with all sails set—studding sails, topgallant sails, royals, skyscrapers and every sail that could be put on a ship, the jack pennant, and that beautiful ensign that she so gallantly wore while in action and when we conquered."

The impression was electrical. Civilization was astounded, especially England, on finding herself fallible after all. Jones was the hero of the hour. He entered into the social and political life of Paris with the aplomb of a born courtier.

The Duchess of Chaulnes provided him an apartment in her palace. Marie Antoinette received him at Versailles. He was admired and mobbed wherever he passed, handsome, black-eyed, garbed in the height of the mode—blue and buff coat, gold epaulets, cockade hat and powdered hair. Franklin was vastly proud of him. Fetes and dinners were given in his honor. To top it off, the king presented a gold-adorned sword and awarded him the medal of Military Merit, carrying the title of Chevalier. The politicians back in the struggling States swallowed these magnificent doings, but stuck at the "Chevalier". Jones dropped it in America.

Men admired him; women adored him. The duchess was like a mother, but there were tens of others not so maternal. His affairs were widely known, even welcomed in the reckless epoch before the *sans-coulottes* ruled Paris. At the beginning he was

**NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE BIGHORN SHEEP**

LEFT: Here's a blend of rock and soil and the Bighorn Sheep. Here's Nature's Protective Blending at its peak.

BELOW: But out in the open, like this, he's an easy mark for his enemies.



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attached to the mercenary Countess de Lowendahl; at the end, completely devoted to the exquisite Aimée de Tellison—with many others along the way. Madame de Tellison, a natural daughter of Louis XV, was his close friend to the end of his life. For years he protected her. He gave her a little house, kept her in funds, sent devoted letters from wherever he went.

Meanwhile, he was balked of serving the American cause. With the *Bon Homme Richard* gone, he naturally expected to have the *Serapis*, his prize. He hoped to recondition her and fight according to his accepted plan. The French claimed possession, however, for diplomatic reasons. He had to take the *Alliance* instead. Franklin recommended that he prepare the *Alliance* for returning to America with arms and supplies needed by General Washington. The crazy Landais intervened. He and Arthur Lee, almost as undependable, simply took the ship and sailed away; but they carried no war material to Washington.

Jones advanced new and broader methods of attacking Britain, explaining them enthusiastically to Franklin, the Commissioners, to everyone of importance in the various French ministries. Lacking the sanction of Congress, which Jones felt could be secured later, his proposals became personal; and the French ministries were agreed that they had done enough for him. In addition, it is quite possible that he pushed too hard in the matter of securing settlement of his prize monies. He had always taken excellent care of his men. Now they were suffering miserably through this long delay. The much needed settlement was thriftily delayed by de Sartine, on whose advice the king too held up his approval.

Finally, the *Ariel* was offered by the marine ministry. In accepting, Jones undertook to carry the delayed supplies to the overseas army. Moreover there were several personal matters he would like to put before Congress, the loquacious Congress which he had not seen for three critical years.

When he reached Philadelphia in February, 1781, he learned at once that he was to be investigated. Nothing political could surprise him now. He faced a built-up scandal blaming him for not bringing the supplies sooner. As a matter of fact, he would have done so six months earlier if the *Alliance* had not been stolen; and, too, it had taken four months to make the storm-broken crossing in the *Ariel*. The man to blame was Lee. Jones kept his head, answered every complaint in writing, and, with the support of such influential friends as Robert Morris, came through successfully.

To prove its new affection for the chevalier, Congress voted him

commander of the latest "first ship of the line", the large *America*, just going into construction. Jones was so encouraged that he made bold to ask Congress to settle its financial accounts with him. So far he had not received a dollar of pay from the government, though his accounts had long been approved. Money? Money? Congress seemed to say. No, definitely no. Congress could not go as far as that. Times were hard. So Jones had to borrow his fare to the shipyard in New England.

Jones was to take full charge of building the *America*. That was solace enough. He loved working with ships. The year he spent in Portsmouth was the gentlest of his life. He had friends, peace, work, the joy of watching his design come to life in beauty and strength. It was finished. He had even selected his officers—when suddenly there came the typical Paul "break". The French ship *Magnifique* was wrecked off Boston harbor. With a spew of incomprehensible sympathy, Congress gave the *America* to the French government as recompense.

There he was—investigated and cleared, elected to high responsibility, his job done literally to perfection, then deprived of what he thoroughly deserved—well, that was what the politicians did too often. It was not that they hated him. He was away ahead of them, but unfortunately, they did not know it. It was merely that they grabbed an idea out of the air and let 'er go! There was nothing more that Jones could do. Perhaps the United States did not need him after all.

He returned to Philadelphia, alone, needing money, grievously humili-

ated, and got permission to return to France as a mere observer, to study foreign conditions in order to be of service later on in some possible naval capacity. But on January 21, 1783, the Revolutionary War ended, before he could set out for France. Peace came too soon for Jones, too late for what he might have done. If only they had let him fight more often, he felt, with greater trust and support! If only they had possessed world vision instead of sectional narrowness!

JONES was tired, defeated, and only thirty-six years old. Of personal satisfaction, he had the further sanction of Congress to make a final effort to recover the delayed prize money, which by this time had reached very substantial proportions. His settlement was to be subject, however, to the American plenipotentiary to France.

How different was Paris! He had luncheon with the king. He received offers of help from the Marquis de Castries, successor to de Sartine. An air of friendliness and appreciation surrounded him. Jones expanded under approval, like most sensitive people.

When all the claims and counter-claims were balanced, Jones received 180,000 *livres*, three-fourths of which he dedicated to his officers and crews. Before any distribution was made, he laid the whole amount before Thomas Jefferson, the new plenipotentiary. Jones was happy to report at last that the men who had fought beside him would be justly rewarded. Jefferson saw the matter differently. In fact, he took complete possession of the money, to the last *livre*, and kept it. Congress, through the Treasury Department, had given him secret orders to use the money to pay his own diplomatic expenses and the salaries of other American ministers in Europe. Jefferson advised that he knew no way for Jones to repossess the funds except by application to Congress.

Jones could not say again, "I've just begun to fight," because he had been fighting years for this reward, ever since the victory of the *Bon Homme Richard*. Once more he arrived at New York, and once more he was told that, upon investigation, his current accounts were open to question. His source of information was John Jay, secretary of Foreign Affairs. Jones explained with dignity that if Benjamin Franklin, the king of France and the French finance ministry had approved them, and Jefferson had found the money clean enough to use, there was nothing Congress logically could do. There was no further objection from Congress—that is, for the moment.

This was the congressional reaction: Jones was voted a medal, then he was offered half the claim which he had come to





press. He curtly refused. He would have all that was justly due him, or nothing. If he hoped for more favorable treatment from some fresh batch of politicians, he was mistaken. He never did receive his pay from the United States. Congress settled with his heirs half a century after his death. Nothing whatever was done for the unpaid officers and men who died for American freedom.

Jones sailed shortly to France, concluding his last stay in this country. Awaiting him was an opportunity that was either very bright or very dark indeed. Catherine the Second had made it known, with that oily Russian indirection, that she was prepared to appoint him Rear Admiral of the Russian navy. Both the king and Jefferson had endorsed him for the position, each with private reasons, but neither doubting his ability to do a stirring job of it. The old conflict between Turkey and Russia was blazing again. Russia needed a forceful organizer to take over her cumbersome Black Sea fleets. Paul Jones was the strongest name she could secure. He accepted reluctantly, dreading the unprincipled, deceptive Russian atmosphere and the notorious intrigues of the court.

In St. Petersburg (May, 1788) he was amazed by the splendor of his surroundings and the velvet charm of the empress; but when he reached his post, hundreds of miles away, and took his first instructions from the monstrous Potemkin, he might as well have faced about immediately. The task was impossible. Ordinarily, he would have started to work with tight-jawed determination. In Russia his sort of directness was not worth a farthing against the trapping lies, cabals, jealousies that were everywhere.

Surly Admiral Mordvinoff passed him along to commanders and captains with such hostility that his authority was undermined from the start. Potemkin was more than the power behind the throne; he was Russia itself. He crushed the success of every able man in Catherine's court. He played them one against the other, and this time it was the field against Paul Jones. Finally, when his few victories were credited to others, he unhappily withdrew—blamed for what he did, and vilified for what he was prevented from doing.

When he left Russia he was alone in a heaving world, with the French Revolution just ahead. The gallantry of fighting on the sea was gone. Noblesse lay dying, to the hiss of the guillotine. His profession was over.

He drifted nevertheless to Warsaw, Vienna, London, seeking the ruler and the situation for putting his famous abilities to work again. There seemed no place for him. He was too big for little jobs, unwanted because of his very capacities.

1790 found him in Paris again. The National Assembly was in murderous session. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were in the hands of the

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of her  
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Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the May issue should reach us by March 15th.

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revolutionists. Change was the order. Gradually his health failed. Notables and friends were often with him, and the golden past was seldom out of his thoughts. Bright's disease set in. He was indeed in harm's way. He grew very weak and swollen. He spent the days in a hammock, such as sailors use, gently rocked by the hand of Aimée de Tel-lison. He died July 18, 1792, at 45.

HE HAD accomplished much, planned more. Yet over and again he met disappointment and frustration, so often that all the fault could not have been the other fellows'. The men who badgered him undoubtedly had their reasons. He met their requirements readily enough, but failed dismally in his

congressional relations as a whole. Neither he nor Congress understood each other. He could not say or do to Congress what Congress could do to him; and Congress used its new power with a high hand.

There was no wavering of his belief in American freedom. He admired his country wholeheartedly. With clear-thinking people, high and low, he was at ease; but with argumentative politicians, of variable viewpoints, he was at his worst. He could not find a *status quo* with his highly vocal opponents. When thrown back on himself, defeated, the least liked of his characteristics stood out baldly. He was polished, vain, imaginative, self-staging, generous—traits that were outside the ken of vociferous, hardboiled politicians.

## The Road Home

(Continued from page 7)

"Hugh, did you see our new car?" Tom blurted. "We're all driving home in it. You can see it from the window. Boy, it's a beaut! Oh look, there's Franz. Come on down . . ."

I left Mr. Earnshaw then and followed the staccato of the boys' feet down two flights and out the front door to the white-columned portico. Curved around a broad, green lawn was the drive where the car was stationed.

Three figures were standing before its gleaming flanks in studied appraisal. On Tom's flushed face blind pride of possession had yielded to more objective appreciation. "Get in . . . Get in . . . I'm going to try her out."

Hugh alertly climbed in after Tom, his lighted face reflecting Tom's pleasure. The third figure started to follow. My steps quickened, impelled by a curious excitement. "Tom," I called. "I haven't met Franz!"

"Sorry, mother. Franz—my mother. My mother—Franz."

The engine under Tom's urging was panting to be off, but the smile Franz turned on me was unhurried. He took my hand in a firm, fresh grip.

"It is delightful of you to invite us to your home," Franz said. "I hope you didn't make yourself too much trouble."

I smiled mechanically. My thoughts were churning. Tom's sketchy accounts had given me no warning that Franz was so breath-takingly handsome. He was one of the handsomest people I had ever seen.

A blond Norseman standing in the prow of some ocean-tossed boat might have looked like that; challenging the blue-white fingers of the waves, the icy breath of the wind; clear-eyed, solitary and unafraid. What was it I had expected? Why was this impression so convincing yet so hard to accept? You couldn't hate this person if you wanted to.

There was nothing here to hate.

"Come on Franz," called Tom.

Franz turned, and as he leaped on the running board, he suddenly became a boy again . . . just a Kennilbury school boy in maroon trunks and sweatshirt. Tires cracked against pebbles and the proud new car pranced down the road.

I fell under Franz's spell as completely as any boy or master at Kennilbury. It's hard to say why Franz gripped our imaginations so, but the spell lingers with me yet. As I write this I can almost see him coiled in the big library chair across from me, ready to spring into action the instant there was something to do.

In some ways it was hard to realize that Franz was any different from Tom's childhood friends who made the cellar walls ring with the timpani of ping-pong balls or who gathered in the front room for a jam session.

I tried to think as Franz might be thinking, to see my shabby old house through his eyes, as golf clubs tripped the unwary leg and tennis rackets diminished the seating capacity of all downstairs rooms.

What was his home like, I wondered. I couldn't place Franz on a farm in East Prussia with mother, father and sisters. What was his mother like? How did his mother manage?

"The same as you. The same as you," he replied to all my questions.

Perhaps it was the same, I tried to think. Franz was just a simple person from a simple family. And then I had occasion to remember that phrase from one of Tom's letters, "Franz is a swell guy if you're careful about certain topics."

We were at dinner one night, and watching the unbelievable quantities of food sliding down Franz's throat, noticing his astonishment at the constant supply of butter, I felt a pang of sympathy.

"It must be difficult to get food in

He saw perfection, and sometimes reached it. That was his reward.

He had seen the everyday people of Europe come to the helm. He believed in the ability of our people, in time, to develop a sanely rounded government, guided by men sincerely representing the national ideals.

He knew that the heartache and frustration which he himself had suffered were the fault not of a young and inexperienced nation, but of the politicians who ran it.

And so, John Paul Jones, the greatest name in the history of our navy, died in poverty in a foreign land. At the end his was not bitterness, merely a tragic sense of disappointment. The man who tried to give so much, at the last, held in his hand only a medal.

Germany," I remarked thoughtlessly.

Franz stiffened. "We have plenty to eat."

"But Franz, is it as easy to get food there as it is here?"

Franz hesitated. "Not quite so easy. But we are glad to make any sacrifice for the Fatherland."

A scowl crossed Tom's face. "Stop bothering him, mother," he said through a mouthful of potato. "Wouldn't you get sick of being pestered all the time. 'Is it this way in Germany? Is it that way in Germany?' I'd get fed up."

"Franz's manners are better than yours," I answered quietly. I turned to Franz. "I hope it doesn't bother you when I ask questions. That's what you're in this country for—so you can find out about us, and we can find out about you. Didn't you have a totally different impression of America before you came here?"

Interested, his guard dropped for a moment. "Yes," he said eagerly. "I did."

"Didn't your newspapers print only the sensational things about America?"

Realizing that he must make no such admission, Franz shrugged silently. Imperviousness was flung around him like a cape, I thought with irritation . . . light, limber, but strongly woven.

"You haven't seen any lynchings or any gangsters, have you?"

"No-o," Franz reluctantly admitted. "But I saw a strike! I saw a man in New York with a poster—here!" He tapped his chest.

"Oh, Franz—" My voice was troubled. "Can't you see how they're fooling you? You can't talk. You can read only what they want you to read."

"We can talk," said Franz lightly.

"We say what we please."

"Even against Hitler?"

Franz's smile was enigmatic.

"Why should anyone talk against the Fuehrer? The youth of the coun-



try is behind him. That is what matters . . ."

The youth . . . A generation too young to remember the last war. The generation who would fight the next one.

"Certain topics." That, not his accent, set Franz apart. His ideas had been burned into him with an iron. No American school, no middle-aged woman could erase them.

From then on every thought of mine turned to Franz and recoiled again. "Why can't I leave him alone?" I asked myself. But I couldn't. Even at night I dreamed of his young face, and sometimes the free wind was whipping it and sometimes a steel helmet closed down on it, and muddy smears blanked its identity. And then all three faces would come to me—Hugh's and Tom's, too—but they were all alike under their helmets.

THE evening before they were to go back, I heard the crash of the screen door, the hearty fall of footsteps, telling me that Tom and Hugh had returned from their last game of tennis. Franz was in the front room listening to the radio. I was reading a book.

"Letter for you, Hugh." I heard Tom say, "on the hall table."

There was the snap of paper and a small silence. Then a low murmur, and a sharp exclamation from Tom.

Hugh's voice, "I don't understand. What can I do?"

"Has something happened?" I called out. Franz raised his head and looked toward the door, interest in his incredibly blue eyes.

The boys came into the room, slowly. "It's a letter from Hugh's father," Tom burst out. "He wants Hugh to stay here."

"Why? What is it?"

"He means," Hugh said, "that my father would like me to stay in this country as long as I can after the end of the term. It seems I'm eligible for conscription. But," he added hopelessly, "I can't stay here. I shall have to go back sooner or later."

Sooner or later . . . sooner or later . . . The words ticked over and over in my ears. Nice, shy Hugh—conscripted! He was too young, too uncertain, to be harnessed like a new colt, to a chariot of war.

I looked at Franz. His face was expressionless. The sleepy whirl of the lawn-mower drifted in the window. The subdued clatter of dishes came from the kitchen. All the warm, familiar sounds of a house that was lived in and loved. But now an alien wind was sweeping through it.

I said nothing to Hugh. There was nothing to say. I tried to convince myself that this was not Franz's fault. But I felt then that it was the fault of Franz and people like Franz that these things could be.

Gradually the humming in my head died down, the fog cleared before my eyes. And there was Franz's head bent over the radio as if nothing had happened . . . as if this threat

to the safety of one of his best friends meant nothing at all. The news broadcast came to an end. A Cuban orchestra followed with a cheerful rattling of gourds.

"I read an article," Hugh was stating crisply, "that said Hitler is waiting for the harvest. Then he'll make a try for Danzig. The Poles may fight."

Franz smiled incredulously.

"Don't you think Hitler will start a war, Franz?" I asked.

The late afternoon sun glinted on his head as he shook it. "All the war talk is in this country, Mrs. Allen. There will be no war. The Fuehrer has promised us that. The German people don't want to fight. My father was in the last war. He doesn't want to go to war."

"Do you think Hitler can take all the territory he wants without having a fight on his hands?"

Franz fiddled with the radio dial. "The Fuehrer will get what belongs to Germany, all that was taken away from Germany, without war."

I turned to Hugh. "The English must think there's going to be a war . . ."

HIS narrow, alert face was concerned. "If that is the only way to stop Hitler . . ."

The skeptical smile was still playing around Franz's lips. "Nothing will awaken him," I thought despairingly. "All our remarks are wooden-tipped arrows glancing off steel."

"Franz, if you saw Hugh coming over the trenches, would you shoot at him?" I asked suddenly.

Franz tilted back his head and a low chuckle escaped from his throat. "Sure," he said. His face gradually sobered as the idea worked itself out in his mind. "Yes," he said grimly. "I would."

Even after the boys returned to Kennilbury, my mind went back to Franz's words again and again. I felt that we had failed; the American school, the school-boys, myself. We had not tried to teach him by the methods that had been used on him, before. We had merely let him live with us, let him see how we lived and spoke and thought. And that wasn't enough. Yet, I wouldn't have had it any other way.

Tom's scrawls were more infrequent now that he was studying for examinations. It was six weeks until Class Day . . . four weeks . . . two.

I drove up to Kennilbury the night before graduation. As I turned the car off the road in the half-light just before dark, a hushed waiting air seemed to lie upon the campus. It was broken by the cheerful banging of dishes from the school kitchen, where yellow squares cut the purple of the darkness, but when I drove past the dining hall and up to the columns of the Main Building, the hush again descended.

Mr. Earnshaw was alone in the dim reception hall. Above him the fan-light of the Headmaster's office made a bright patch in the dark. I heard the low murmur of voices.



If you bought oysters on the shell  
And found you'd got a pearl  
as well  
Man! You'd have a buy!

And if a moderate price should  
bring  
A whiskey fit for any king—  
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Mr. Earnshaw rose and came toward me. His usually pleasant face was pale and serious. "Is Tom graduating?" I asked almost before he could get out his greeting. He smiled. "Yes, with flying colors. The marks have just been posted."

Giddy with relief, I started chattering, about my drive, about Franz and Hugh and the spring vacation. But I began to sense that something was wrong here. Instead of the clomp of boys' feet up and down the broad stairs, the high shouts of greeting—footsteps shuffled past, voices seemed to be held in leash, intense and restrained.

"Where are the boys?" I asked suddenly.

"Your boys?" Mr. Earnshaw's smile seemed strained to me. "In the rookery. Would you like to go up and see them?"

"Dare I plunge into that masculine stronghold?"

"I'll come with you."

Tom's greeting was cordial. A shade too cordial, I thought. "I'm so glad you passed," I told him. "I'm very proud of you."

"Aw, it's nothing." Abruptly he turned his head away, but I could see that his lips were twitching.

Both Hugh and Franz had shaken hands with me soberly. Now they were sitting at their desks—the desks that told so much about them. They weren't studying or reading. They were just sitting. Hugh's face was even more drawn and narrow than usual. And as I looked into Franz's eyes, there seemed to be a dark shadow across them.

SOMETHING heavy was pressing down on this school, on this room. I could feel its weight on Mr. Earnshaw, on the three young faces before me.

"Is anything the matter?" I turned from one to another helplessly.

"Course not. What could be the matter?" said Tom gruffly.

Mr. Earnshaw caught my eye, and I swiftly followed him into his own study at the other end of the rookery.

"Is it Tom?" I asked breathlessly.

"Not Tom."

We sat down, and Mr. Earnshaw offered me a cigarette. My hands were shaking as I took it. The weight seemed to be pressing down on me, too.

"A boy has just been expelled on the eve of graduation," he said. "His name is Storm. You may know of him."

I waited uncomfortably. Somehow I felt there was more to it than that.

"He was expelled for cheating on examinations. He copied another boy's math paper. There's not the slightest doubt about it. But you see, he isn't the only guilty party. The boy who let Storm see his examination paper is also to blame. The faculty is meeting now to decide what to do."

I waited, a cold hard lump in my chest.

"It's Franz," said Mr. Earnshaw.

"No!" The monosyllable was pulled out of me, sharp and protesting. "There must be some mistake."

"There's no mistake. On Storm's paper were a number of German mathematical signs which only Franz uses."

"Maybe Franz didn't realize—"

"He must have known it was wrong, Mrs. Allen. But I can't help believing he has some justification in his own mind, even though he refuses to defend himself."

I gripped the wooden arm of my chair, pressed it until my fingers turned white. "What will they do with him?"

Mr. Earnshaw tapped out his cigarette. "They think he should be expelled, too. They'd expel him in a minute, but for one thing. It means a concentration camp for Franz when he gets back to Germany. A disgrace to the Nazi party, you know."

THE walls of the study seemed to recede, then rush back toward me. Thoughts boiled in my head like rapids, swirling cross-currents pulling me first this way, then that.

The school had its standards, its rules, its discipline. That was one thing Franz had been able to understand. Now he would see the effect of their ruthless administration. That, too, he would understand because that was the Nazi way. But my heart cried with sympathy for him.

Mr. Earnshaw's face was bleak and lined. "Franz is one of the finest people I have ever met," he added simply.

"I'm going to see the headmaster," I said.

MADE my way down the two flights of stairs to the hall. The fanlight above the headmaster's office was still bright. I stood there in the dark hall while the door opened and teachers straggled out. There were a few broken words, then footsteps going quietly away.

Mr. Mowray was alone at his desk when I entered the office. Chairs, lined against the wall and grouped by his desk were still warm, but empty. He rose quickly, came around the desk to shake hands. The face beneath his crown of white hair was tired.

"I'm glad to see you," he said warmly. "Tom has done splendidly. He has honors in two subjects. I've never seen a boy start so slowly and wind up in such a blaze of glory."

I smiled weakly. A few minutes ago, words like those would have been golden. Now Franz's face swam before me. I saw his eyes, shadowed by the horror of what lay ahead. "Perhaps it was the example set by Tom's splendid roommates," I said. There was silence. Then Mr. Mowray beckoned me to a chair, and sat down heavily behind his desk.

"What are you going to do about Franz?" I said at last.

"In Franz's country," Mr. Mowray answered slowly, "what Franz has

just done would not be tolerated. They have a great contempt for weakness, the Nazis. Discipline is the only language they understand, and the only language Franz understands. Also I've been wondering whether it's fair to expel one boy and let the other go scot free."

I recalled the haunted look in Franz's eyes, the look I had not recognized up in the rookery, but knew now. And I felt with the white light of certainty that he had not gone scot free. That his punishment was in himself. Haltingly, I told Mr. Mowray that.

He nodded. "And of course the contrast in the records of the two boys is enormous. Storm is a thoughtless, happy-go-lucky scamp. He has been warned time and time again about cheating. We've given him all the rope in the world to hang himself. But up to now there have been no black marks on Franz's record. I'm afraid his generosity was his undoing."

Suddenly the tired mask fell from his face and his eyes softened. "Don't worry any more, Mrs. Allen. I think—we all think—too much of Franz to deliver him up to the Nazis."

My eyes were hot with unshed tears.

"But you mustn't tell him," he warned. "Let him think it over a bit, between now and tomorrow."

THE last speaker had droned out his last platitude. The Glee Club, with Hugh very solemn among the tenors, had sung the last notes of the "Road to Mandalay". And now proud parents were rising from the uncomfortable benches which punctuated the lawn, and proud students were brandishing cups and football letters and diplomas. Some started straggling down the drive to their cars. Others clustered in conversational knots around the harried teachers. Class Day was over.

I had three sons graduating today, not one. "Honors in two subjects, fine!" I put an arm around Tom's firm shoulders. "And Hugh got the prize for the best English theme of the year," I added smiling at him. Hugh beamed with happy embarrassment.

"And Franz—" My eyes turned to the tall, fair-haired figure beside me. "The highest honors in the school."

"Mrs. Allen—" Franz's voice was husky. "I'd like to speak to you."

We walked away from the others and stood under a tall tree where the late afternoon sun dappled the ground. Franz's blue eyes darkened. There was none of the light imperviousness about him he had worn like a cape before. It seemed to have fallen from him completely.

"How shall I express all my thankfulness—" he began.

"I didn't do it, Franz," I told him. "They all did it. Every one of them. Because they like you so."

He reached for my hand and held it, as if it were something to cling to in a world which was whirling



about him. I could tell that his experience had shaken him deeply.

"How did it happen, Franz?" I asked.

His lips clamped together and for a moment I wondered if he would answer. Then, as he looked at me, his face slowly softened.

"Storm knew the problem. We worked it over together, many times. I hardly can get it that he forgot. He got his knockout because of the nervous breakdown of his mother. You see?"

"I see . . . Your warmth and sympathy betrayed you, Franz. We understood. That is why the school excused you." I struggled to put into words he would understand something of what I felt. "We hope you remember that when you go back. We hope you carry sympathy and understanding back with you."

Suddenly Franz turned his head and looked off across the hills. His

mouth was tight and puckered, his face suddenly mature.

"Franz," I said impulsively. "Would you like to become an American some day . . . an American citizen?"

I half expected the laughing Franz of the spring vacation. A light shrugging off of doubts. But when he turned his face toward me, the look of sad longing made my heart cry out.

"I must go back." His voice was joyless and empty. "You understand, don't you, I must go back?"

I nodded silently. "Then Franz, don't forget, if you ever see Hugh coming over the trenches, miss your aim!"

"I won't forget," he answered solemnly. "But Mrs. Allen, there will be no war." It was almost as if he were making a promise, but a promise he, himself, could not fulfill. It was almost like a prayer, too, but a prayer as empty, as his voice.

## Fuel for Feud

(Continued from page 12)

The basic appeal of sport is emotional and the athletes involved are egotists who have an aversion for losing which is practically pathological. Heated competition breeds bitter rivalries which, in turn, feed on deep-seated dislikes and jealousies which have nothing to do with the actual playing of the game but which have a direct bearing on the eventual outcome.

In baseball, for example, the rousing struggle between the Cincinnati Reds and the Brooklyn Dodgers probably will feature the National League season. Brooklyn has become a first-line power in the league under the aegis of Larry MacPhail, who has been spending lavishly for fresh talent during the last three years. MacPhail, of course, has a natural desire to give his customers a pennant winner, but it is a moot question whether he would be so zealous in his efforts if the Reds, two-time champions, were not the team to beat.

Like Brooklyn, Cincinnati was a dying franchise until MacPhail was appointed general manager of the Reds in 1933. He held that position only three years, but in that time the framework for a winner was laid by MacPhail, whose shrewd trades and management of the farm system brought many of the team's stars to Cincinnati. In 1936 MacPhail resigned in a huff—the bone of contention was the amount of stock MacPhail was supposed to receive as a bonus—and when he went to Brooklyn a year later his burning ambition was to finish ahead of his old organization. He hasn't done it yet, but he will in time. Just give him time.

Many feuds are strictly phony, nothing more than newspaper fights, but the passing of the years invests them with the status of honest-to-

George brawls. For thirty years Giant and Dodger fans have been raising the roof whenever their heroes meet on a mutual field of combat. Until very recently the principals, the players, looked upon the hoopla and hysteria with good-natured tolerance. The so-called Battle of the Boroughs left them cold, for none of them were natives of the teams they represented. A ball player doesn't care where he performs as long as he can get the money he wants.

The better minds in the Giant and Dodger front offices, recognizing the box-office appeal of a hand-made, home-town rivalry, skillfully fanned the feud by needling the loyalties of the opposition and the suckers went overboard for the bait, as always. Last year the Dodgers had a time for themselves thumping the Giants sixteen times in twenty-two games, but the defeats saved the Giants from financial ruin. The Giants drew only 700,000 customers all season to the Polo Grounds—and 300,000 saw the eleven games with the Dodgers. If not for the traditional and synthetic spat between the teams, the New York club would be in a bad way today.

Some of the most stirring sagas of the turf had their origins in feuds. The professional muggs are not the only ones who take off their coats and roll around the floor. The well-bred masters, the aristocrats of racing, also have been known to go all-out in getting hunk with gents against whom they have pet peeves.

Horse-racing in the State of New York actually was suspended as the aftermath of a dispute entirely disassociated from the turf. Many years ago August Belmont and Thomas Fortune Ryan both claimed ownership of the original plans for a proposed subway in New York City.

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The matter was carried to the courts and Belmont won the litigation. Ryan felt so keenly about the whole thing that when his lawyer, Charles Evans Hughes, was elected Governor of New York, the bill was passed which closed all tracks in the State in 1911 and '12. It was a great disappointment to all.

The largest fee ever given a jockey, a young fortune amounting to \$38,850 for one race, grew out of a Stock Exchange tiff between William C. Whitney and James R. Keene, the California boy wonder of Wall Street. Whitney was so anxious to beat Keene's horse, Tommy Atkins, in the 1900 Futurity, that he induced the famous Tod Sloan to return from England to ride Ballyhoo Bey in the race. Sloan received \$5,000 for expenses and was tossed the entire purse of \$33,850 when he rode Ballyhoo Bey to victory with Tommy Atkins third.

**S**NAPPER Garrison, another great jockey of that era, didn't make out so well in a feud he unwittingly instigated. He started the rumpus which led to the famous Salvator-Tenny match race, more or less immortalized in Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem, "My Horse Won". Garrison was aboard Tenny in the 1890 Suburban at Sheepshead Bay when he finished third to Salvator, ridden by the celebrated Negro jockey, Isaac Murphy.

"I should've won the race by a hundred yards," the Snapper snapped upon returning to the paddock. He was so burned up that he offered to bet \$10,000 with James Ben Ali Haggin, Salvator's owner, on a match race. Haggin replied he would be enchanted to oblige, but Dave Pulsifer, owner of Tenny, feared Garrison would ride a poor race with so much at stake and declined to let his horse take up the challenge. Public interest forced the race, however, and shortly before the bugle called the horses to the post, Garrison sent out commissioners with \$15,000 of his own money to bet on Tenny. He never saw the bundle again. Murphy won decisively with Salvator.

Pride and prejudice impelled a man to sacrifice an Olympic championship, the highest prize amateur sport knows, to settle a private grudge which had emerged from a casual rivalry. When the finest athletes of all the nations converged on Los Angeles in 1932 for the blue-ribbon track and field events, the outstanding runners in the galaxy of stars were two Americans, Ben Eastman and Bill Carr. There were few better.

Eastman, the Stanford flyer, was breaking world records for the quarter- and half-mile regularly in practice and was regarded by all as a cinch to win either race he chose to enter. Unfortunately, however, Eastman elected to concentrate on the 400-meter in the intercollegiate championships. That was his first mistake, for Carr, the Penn stylist, defeated

him soundly in record-breaking time.

American Olympic authorities were ecstatic. Carr would cool off foreign stars at 400 meters and Eastman would be free to point for the 800-meter event, giving the United States two sure-shot winners in important races. Eastman, however, was determined to avenge his outraged pride by competing in the 400-meter race in the national championships two weeks later. Lawson Robertson, Carr's coach and the man in charge of the American team, pleaded with Eastman to devote his attention to 800 meters, where the team was not particularly strong. Dink Templeton, Eastman's coach, suspected Robertson was trying to give his boy a fast sales talk and advised Eastman to even the score with Carr. That was the second mistake. Carr won the nationals in 46.9 seconds, a new world record. Still, Eastman and Templeton were not convinced. Carr defeated Eastman in the Olympic finals in the amazing time of 46.2 seconds. Not long afterward Eastman ran a half-mile in 1:49.8, the identical time which won the Olympic 800—and a half-mile is six yards longer than 800 meters.

The boxing brethren hate with an intensity which often sends innocent bystanders fleeing to the storm cellars. Cutting off bashed beaks to spite pulverized pans is a common occurrence in the fight racket. Bob Fitzsimmons resented Jim Corbett's hoity-toity manners, believing Gentleman Jim's suave act was a personal affront to him, a simple son of the soil. Fitz, after winning the heavyweight championship from Corbett, never gave his adversary a return bout, although public interest was at fever-pitch and the match would have meant a small fortune to him.

The money in the bank and the prestige Mike Jacobs now enjoys as czar of the boxing racket were fashioned from a first-class feud between the late Joe Jacobs and Jimmy Johnston. It started in 1932 when Joe Jacobs' Max Schmeling lost the decision to Johnston's Jack Sharkey in a fight for the heavyweight title. That was the night Joseph enriched the folklore of America by grabbing the microphone after the decision was announced and screaming, "We wuz robbed!" Jacobs hinted darkly of skulduggery on Johnston's part and James, y-clept the Boy Bandit, answered in kind. Presently, Johnston was appointed a matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, the firm which had a tight monopoly on the promotion of the heavyweight championship fights.

At this point Mike Jacobs galloped on the scene with the first serial rights to Joe Louis, the uncrowned champion. Joseph, his namesake, still had chattel rights to Schmeling, regarded as the best opponent in sight for Louis. Remembering his grudge against Johnston, Joe signed with Mike for a Louis-Schmeling fight. Mike thereupon muscled

Johnston out of Madison Square Garden, then conducted himself according to the strict code of the racket by giving the back of his neck to Joe's Schmeling, who had knocked out Louis and therefore rated first crack at Champion Jimmy Braddock. Both feudists wound up with a handful of frustration.

**L**OVE means nothing in tennis, both in the scoring of points and the underscoring of personalities. Ranking stars seem to have a constitutional inability to disassociate the personal issue from the actual playing of the game and in this respect the little women, the lovely ladies who are supposed to live for love, really thrive on hate.

The Helen Wills-Helen Jacobs mad was the most virulent in the game and was typical of the manner in which these silly things are born. Both were in pig-tails when they began pouting at one another at Berkeley, Calif. The first overt act of hostility is supposed to have transpired when Miss Wills cast the black-ball which kept Miss Jacobs out of a sorority at the University of California. That made Miss Jacobs sore.

The California Tennis Association had been sending Miss Wills East for the major tournaments ever since she was fifteen. When Miss Jacobs, two years younger, was ready for her first swing around the grand circuit, the Association refused to finance her trip. Friends of Miss Jacobs raised the necessary money by popular subscription. That made Miss Wills sore.

Time is supposed to be the great healer, but it merely aggravated the animosity between the two Helens. The climax came in the finals of the 1933 national singles when Helen I walked out on Miss Jacobs in the decisive set with the latter leading, 3-0. It was Miss Jacobs' first victory in eight matches with her gal chum and the explanation that Mrs. Moody was suffering from a lame back sounded like more of the same to the Jacobs rooters.

Few opponents expressed great fondness for Mrs. Moody, who always was rather aloof and cold. Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory had a cordial dislike for Mrs. Moody which was second only to her scorn for the great Suzanne Lenglen. It was Mrs. Mallory's very definite conviction that Mlle. Lenglen was a grandstander of the most flagrant type and that opinion was confirmed without a shadow of a doubt during the last years of Mrs. Mallory's eight-year reign as champion.

The payoff in their strained relations came in a match at Forest Hills twenty years ago. With Mrs. Mallory leading by a wide margin, the sensitive, overwrought Mademoiselle was overwhelmed by a convenient crying jag and ran off the court, shrieking that she was too ill to continue. La Lenglen really was a very sick gal that day. She was darn' near griped to death.



## What America is Reading

(Continued from page 13)

sponsive Court, which shall interpret the desires of the living as well as the safeguards established by the Fathers. He knows that no Court will be entirely liberal, that it inclines to conservatism even when it begins with liberal members—evidence of which may be seen in some of the opinions of the latest members of the Supreme Court. He does not believe that Constitutional law is ever the same. His argument for what might be called relativity in court procedure is worth reading because he represents the views of the party in power. (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$3)

**B**OOKS about the war are multiplying; in the course of 1941 we should get a large number of accounts by eye-witnesses. The big subject will be the Battle of Britain. The extraordinary courage of the people of London under fire is best told by reporters. Quentin Reynolds, of *Collier's*, is a reporter, and in "The Wounded Don't Cry" he describes the dogged perseverance of the British people, their stamina, their ability to carry on while their houses topple. He describes their contempt for the enemy and the humor that underlies many of their reflections on life. The best of it comes out in the pubs, where two soldiers, back from France, were heard comparing notes about the worst day of the retreat, thus: "Ow was that Wednesday at Dunkirk?"

"Ow was it? Bloody awful. Rained the whole day."

Mr. Reynolds has put his finger on one extraordinary trait of the English. He says the English are lucky because God made every Englishman a bit of a fool. Because he is partly a fool he can carry on in what the Germans have proved, by scientific reasoning, to be an impossible situation. The Germans, says he, are not fools; they depend on precise diagrams and rules; these they follow in spite of everything. This is another way of saying that the flexibility of the English makes them adaptable to difficulties. Even though tradition means so much in their lives they have a feeling for essentials that transcends that. They know that life is more important just now than monuments and they mean to preserve Britain, no matter what happens. Reynolds gives some excellent views of the Royal Air Force—quiet, unassuming youths, proud of the mechanical qualities of the planes they fly, ready to sally forth and closing ranks when an airman fails to return. A spirited, lively book, filled with hope. (Dutton, \$2.50)

**A** GREAT many books about the war will merely amplify what you read in the newspapers, making no original contribution of their own. But the straightforward account of the invasion of Holland written by

the Dutch foreign minister, E. N. van Kleffens, in "Juggernaut Over Holland", deserves to be included on any permanent shelf of war records. It is true that Mr. van Kleffens repeats much that we already know—how the Germans entered, what they did, and how the Queen and her ministers escaped to England. But he also gives the official account of the last hours of his government on Dutch soil, his personal statement of how the German ambassador, Count von Zech, presented Hitler's ultimatum—a bit shamefacedly, for the Count was really pre-Hitler, though he did Hitler's dirty work. He also reveals that extreme courage and spirit of confidence of the Dutch, who are unassuming, who never boast, who know that their industry helped eradicate poverty and who never planned against the Germans. The terrible air raid on Rotterdam, in which 30,000 innocent victims died, is told here in a calm manner by a man who is confident that Holland will rise again as an independent nation. The Germans may lie to the Dutch, says Mr. van Kleffens, but it will be hard to get them to believe the lies. Even with their distortion of documents "they cannot convince their victims that it was not Germany who attacked them in their sleep; that it is not Germany who, in the country where good food was plentiful, causes them to be ill-fed . . . As soon as the chance comes, the people of the Netherlands will free themselves." (Columbia University Press, \$2)

**S**IR George Paish is the well known English economist. His book, "The Defeat of Chaos", describes in 122 pages what the economist thinks about the present war and its outcome. He emphasizes the dire need of Hitler to gain financial credits and to determine the political economy of the world in order to stabilize Germany. Thus he looks on the United States as the fat oyster of the world, swollen with gold, silver and negotiable resources. Sir George feels the gold standard to be necessary to trade recovery and trade expansion. He looks to cooperation between the United States and Britain in a policy of international inter-dependence after the war. He gives a resumé of what he considers the chief post-war economic problems of all nations, including Germany after Hitler's defeat. (Appleton-Century, \$1)

**"FLIGHT Training for the Army and Navy"** by Capt. Burr Leyson appears to be a useful introduction to the practical side of flying, especially suited to new recruits. There are forewords by Major Alexander P. de Seversky and Lt. Col. G. de Freest Larnier, U. S. A., Air Corps Reserve. The requirements for the air corps are given. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$2.50)

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**A**MONG the new novels, "The Giant Joshua" by Maurine Whipple is the work of a new writer in a new field. A resident of St. George, Utah, she is the granddaughter of Mormon pioneers and the stories of their hardships were told her at the family fireside as she grew up. She has chosen to stress the experiences of the women, although Brigham Young and the Mormon missionaries who spread the faith in the desert get plenty of attention. The chief character in this long and powerful chronicle novel is Clorinda, called Clory, a mere slip of a girl when she was sealed to the elder, Abijah, who already had one middle-aged wife, Bathsheba, and had taken under his protection another maiden lady who did his housework. Clory had a lively, hopeful spirit, and not all the days of the pioneers were somber and doleful. The author depicts her as she grows older in this curious plural marriage; her husband had the Mormon attitude that women were made to minister unto the males, and when his roving eye flitted to another adolescent, Clory could not hold him. The persecution of the Mormon families by the vigilant detectives of the United States, and the loyal determination of the Mormon wives not

to betray their husbands with evidence of plural marriages, enter the story and throw light upon a curious chapter in American pioneer annals. Miss Whipple has considerable vitality and staying power; she is the winner of a Fellowship prize of the Houghton, Mifflin Co., and embarked on a successful writing career.

**T**EN years ago, if you saw a commuter heading for home on Friday with a square bundle under his arm, you could figure that he was carrying week-end lubricants of an alcoholic nature; today a similar bundle might well contain a couple of detective stories. Mysteries are read primarily by men and a great number are consumed every month. Among the new satisfying mysteries are "Mairgret to the Rescue", by Georges Simenon, the French yarn-spinner, which deals with a murder in Paris and a threatened blackmail (Harcourt, \$2); "The Bishop's Crime", by H. C. Bailey, a Reggie Fortune story dealing with an attempt by British crooks to steal cathedral treasures (Crime Club, \$2); "The Talking Clock", by Frank Gruber, a pretty exciting story about two men who have to extricate themselves from the charge of killing a cellmate in prison, (Farrar

& Rinehart, \$2) and "The Case of the Solid Key", by Anthony Boucher, author of the well known story "The Seven of Calvary"; this time he deals with a playwright and Fergus O'Brien, private detective. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

**T**HINKING is not solely the property of philosophers and the imagination is not used solely to invent stories. Practical, constructive thinking in order to improve business relations, develop enterprises and make the mind a better tool for daily work, are the aims of Richard Weil, Jr., in writing "The Art of Practical Thinking". The author has been president of Bamberger's in Newark, N. J., since 1939; before that he served eight years with R. H. Macy & Co., New York City. His executive appraisal chart will provide many novel ideas. His plan for better selling capitalizes the salesman's ability to use his mind constructively. The author tries to replace muddling by directed thinking; he stresses intensive and extensive thought, the ability to concentrate, coordination and control. His book is not exactly a manual for merchandisers, but it may start them thinking, which is its object. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

## Word of Washington

(Continued from page 15)

gratifyingly low. Sight-seeing in Washington, nevertheless, need not be a cut-and-dried affair of bus schedules. There are the interesting side-trips to historic Georgetown, to Mount Vernon—by boat in summer—and a bright, international throng to see and to wonder about at smart hotels.

Perhaps, instead of being a sidetrip, that to Mount Vernon, to the tomb of the first President, will prove to be the most memorable expedition of all. There, in what obviously was a home and not a building of state, it is easy to imagine a George Washington who was a country gentleman before he was the leader of his country. It is easy to picture him making plans with his overseer, discussing simple events with Martha, his wife.

Mount Vernon, which stands with dignity on a long, low hill above the Potomac, was Washington's inheritance from his half-brother Lawrence, and from Lawrence's only daughter. There he went to live in 1747 and there he died and was buried in 1799. Upon his marriage, he enlarged the house and later remodeled it. It is the remodeled building, a fine example of colonial architecture, which is seen today, and within are valuable relics and articles of furniture which were part of the daily lives of George and Martha Washington.

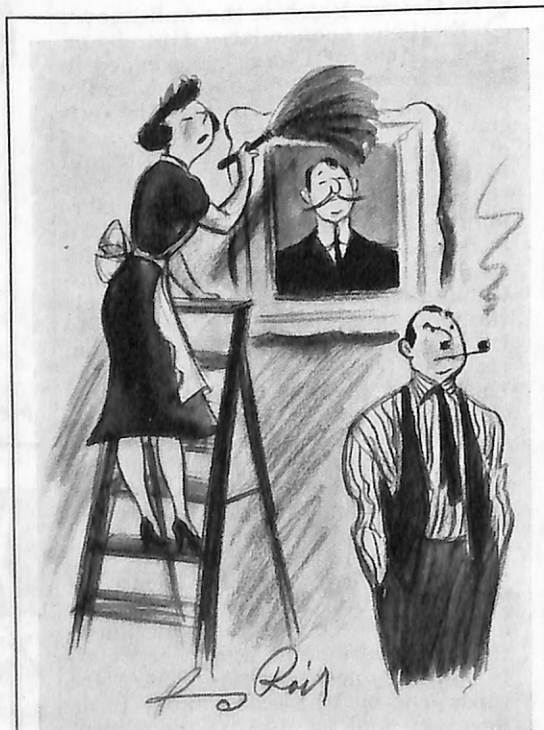
Mount Vernon, sixteen miles south of Washington, may be reached by the Mount Vernon Memorial Highway. This highway, considered an outstanding achievement in con-

struction, parallels the bank of the Potomac from the Arlington Memorial Bridge all the way to Mount Vernon.

Although curiosity and interest will always attach to the White House and to the dwellers therein, the Capitol, perched on a hill in the midst of acres of park, is the most impressive building in Washington. The first Capitol was burned during the war in 1814, but within a few years rebuilt. The bronze doors open upon the vast, vaulted rotunda, its roof that dome, erected during the Civil War, familiar to all Americans. Large paintings picture the early history of the country and scenes from the Revolution.

In this building are housed the Senate chamber and the Hall of Representatives. If these bodies happen to be in session, visitors are admitted to the visitors' gallery to see history in the making. Senators and Representatives are always glad to furnish cards of admittance to their constituents.

Nearby stands the dignified new Supreme Court building. Surmounting a series of terraces, the opulent marble structure harmonizes architecturally with the Capitol. In the center of the building, surrounded by offices and conference rooms, is the solemn, stately Court Cham-



"I wouldn't talk about relatives if I were you. After all mine were only hung on the wall!"



ber, where the nine distinguished Supreme Court Justices interpret the laws of the Nation.

Not far from the Potomac, in grounds serenely lovely, stands the White House. Typically and beautifully American is its pillared south facade. American, too, is its unpretentious designation "White House", instead of Executive Mansion, or Palace. To be truthful, however, in its first incarnation it was known more grandiosely as the Executive Mansion. The burning of the House in 1814 left nothing of the structure except the charred walls of Virginia freestone. These walls, painted white when the mansion was rebuilt, brought into use the present name.

Since the rebuilding, the house has been little changed, save for those alterations which have kept it livable. Although naturally the whole dwelling cannot be on display, the most famous of its rooms, the East Room and the Blue Room, with their historical associations, are open to the public.

TO THE east is the Treasury Building, important to any and every visitor to Washington, since millions of their dollars are stored in its basement, and from its offices are controlled the revenues and the finances which have their effect upon every American home. Grecian in feeling, it is porticoed and columned. It is not a new building, since it was erected before the war between the States, but it is still considered an important adornment of the city.

In its comparatively short life Washington has taken on for Americans some of the characteristics of a shrine. There they come close to the truly great figures of the country's history, and imaginations are stirred by the relics and mementos of younger, lustier days. The tall, tall white marble shaft tipped with aluminum which can be seen from any point in the city brings to mind the young engineer who became the Father of his Country. Statuary Hall in the Capitol pays homage to other illustrious Americans, and one of the most beautiful monuments in the world is the Lincoln Memorial.

THIS gem-like marble temple did not come into existence until 1922. Chastely rectangular, and gleaming white in its sombre fir-tree setting, it is guarded by stately Doric columns, each representing one of the thirty-six States in the Union at the time of Lincoln's death.

In the central hall, beyond the shallow steps and broad terraces of the approach, is Daniel Chester French's gigantic statue of the martyred President, indescribably moving with its brooding, somber eyes and attitude of deep thought.

In recesses at either side, below historical mural paintings, are tablets bearing those immortal addresses, the Gettysburg and the Second Inaugural: "—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from

the earth." "—with justice for all, and malice toward none".

Not only one of the most beautiful, but, to the imaginative, one of the most touching sights in Washington, this memorial and the Washington Monument, are places to be visited twice, the second time by moonlight, when their austere outlines may be seen reflected in the pool which stretches between the two.

Those who grant Abraham Lincoln an honored place in their own halls of fame will want then to go through the Lincoln Museum. Old Ford's Theatre, where Lincoln fell, houses the Olroyd Memorial Collection, containing all kinds of mementos of that President.

Another museum of interest is found at the United States Navy Yard, one of the first government shipyards in the United States. Here are relics of the few foreign wars in which the country has been engaged, as well as of the Civil War, and, incidentally, the relics of John Paul Jones.

Distractions which are educational as well as interesting are not lacking. One of the most famous is the Smithsonian Institute, its fine exhibit of graphic arts and its important library open to the public. The institution might be called a little bit of England in America. Over a hundred years ago an Englishman who had never seen the United States bequeathed his estate to this country for the purpose of founding an institution for "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men". It is mostly scientific knowledge that the Institution has diffused.

IN THE National Museum, Arts and Industries Building near the Smithsonian are exhibits of the belongings of the famous of earlier days. There are such firsts in the long list of American inventions as the first telegraph instrument, telephone, automobile and aeroplane, and there is the "Spirit of St. Louis". The beautiful Natural History Building houses an exhibit of the mode of life of the American Indian. Art lovers as well as students will linger in the white marble Corcoran Art Gallery, where may be seen treasures of paintings and sculpture, while the Freer Gallery displays paintings of contemporary American artists. The Freer Gallery is under the supervision of the regents of the Smithsonian Institution.

Building still goes on in the Capital City, and great interest is shown in the Cathedral which has been under construction for some years. The Cathedral is located on Mount St. Alban, four hundred feet above the city proper. When completed, it is said, the National Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, of fourteenth century Gothic architecture, will equal the finest cathedrals in the world. Already built are the foundations for the whole edifice, the crypt, with the beautiful chapels, the apse, the choir and the children's chapel. The Great Choir, the apse,

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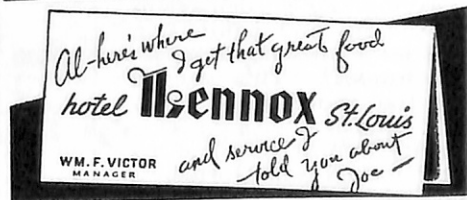
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and part of the North Transept have been open for nearly ten years.

Of importance is building of more mundane nature. New Federal buildings are going up next to the Mall. Eventually here will be the largest group of the office buildings of the Government. Completed not so long ago was the Department of Justice

Building. Weekdays except Saturdays visitors may see the Finger-Print Division, and the Crime Laboratory, filled with criminal weapons.

No one could want to leave Washington without seeing Arlington National Cemetery. It is a Cemetery in which every American bows his head before a sleeping assemblage

of generals and privates and all the ranks between, for here lie thirty thousand soldiers. The land, which was originally in the family of Martha Washington, lies across the Potomac, atop Virginia's rolling hills, and the Nation's own Cemetery broods watchfully over the seat of the Nation's living Government.

## Your Dog

(Continued from page 16)

dinner call there was no Drum. Poor Drum was dead, lying half-submerged in the muddy waters of Big Creek.

In a community as small as Warrensburg it wasn't long before the news of his favorite hound's death was relayed to Burden. From his two-room cabin less than a mile away from Hornsby's place Burden sent a wrathful message demanding satisfaction. But with the stubbornness that sometimes is the result of a guilty conscience Hornsby refused to acknowledge any responsibility for the death of a dog that after all had been trespassing and to his way of thinking was no better than any other sheep-killing canine.

Feeling ran high between the two. Burden, convinced that Drum had been the innocent victim of the misdeeds of other dogs, engaged the firm of Philips and Vest to institute suit for damages. The doughty Mr. Hornsby enlisted the services of Crittenden and Cockrell to defend him. Oddly enough, most of the legal principals concerned rose to prominence later. Attorneys Vest and Cockrell were to become United States Senators from Missouri while Crittenden was subsequently elected Governor of that State.

The trial opened before the Justice of the Peace and resulted in a hung jury. But the easy-going Burden's dander was up and again Lon Hornsby was obliged to defend himself. This second trial too ended in a stalemate. Burden with bulldog tenacity figuratively had his teeth locked on Hornsby's windpipe and would not let go his hold. January, 1870, saw another trial of the case, this time with a verdict of \$25 in favor of Charlie Burden. Hornsby, just as tenacious, instructed his legal battery to enter a motion for a new trial, which was allowed. In the meanwhile these courtroom skirmishes began to attract more than local attention and if you lived anywhere in the County at that time you were either pro-Burden or pro-Hornsby. The legal aspects of the case almost overshadowed the cause of it;

poor Old Drum seemed well-nigh forgotten. With this, the fourth court battle, Burden was again the winner, the jury in the Common Pleas Court awarding him \$50.

Burden, suing for \$200, had the case reopened and the fifth hearing was set for September 23rd, 1870.

It was one of those typical Fall days, or is there such? Shucks, there is, you know—bright, but with that haze which mellows distance and is accompanied by a faint odor of burning leaves—or wood.

The little courthouse, which has stood for all these years, was crowded. An interested overflow denied entrance milled around among the carryalls, buggies and farmer's teams outside. The consensus of opinion held that Burden should have been satisfied with the \$50 verdict. In fact, public feeling was running decidedly in Hornsby's favor. After all, \$50 for the life of a hound dog, the duplicate of which could be found on almost any farm, was a lot of money. But not so, to Charlie Burden. He remembered all of Drum's winning ways and he still

missed the appeal of Drum's soft brown eyes and the dog's unflinching loyalty. For Burden there was no duplicate of Drum—anywhere.

But the citizenry was getting fed up with the case. As one expressed it as he shifted his tobacco from his right cheek to the left, "It's a might of fuss to make over just one ornery dawg. I could git me a hound as good anywheres."

Inside the courtroom the same opinion seemed to prevail although there was a dissenting voice here and there. The whole thing had become intensely personal. Up in front near the judge's bench, the attorneys were fussing with their papers, holding close-mouthed conferences preliminary to the opening of the trial.

RAPPING sharply on his desk, the judge called the court to order and the trial began. Long before it was over both spectators and jury alike were bored, some of them half asleep. As the trial progressed it became plain that the sentiment more and more favored Hornsby; that the \$50 verdict previously rendered was sufficient damages for the death of Drum. Burden's case seemed hopeless and this hopelessness was reflected in the stony attitude of the jury each time his counsel arose to address the court.

As the trial drew to a close, attorney Philips nudged his colleague George Graham Vest who up to that time had sat inert at the counsel table, his thoughts apparently miles away from the case of Old Drum. "George," said Philips, "Come to life, man. It's up to you now to wind up this thing. You'll have to make the concluding speech."

Vest slowly arose to his feet, turned and faced the jury. "Gentlemen of the Jury," he said in a soft voice entirely devoid of emotion and his manner free from all gestures, "the best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are



"The man said he's a cross between an afghan and a cigar store Indian, but I think he was only joking."



nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money a man has he may lose. It flies away from him when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw stones of malice when failure settles its clouds upon our heads. But, gentlemen, the one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the sores and wounds that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains.

When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If misfortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true, even in death."

The jury adjourned—but only for a few minutes. Returning to the jury box the foreman announced the verdict—\$500 to be paid by Hornsby to the owner of Old Drum.

It will be noted that in all the three hundred and sixty-nine words of Vest's eulogy there is absolutely no mention of the case on trial.

To the writer's way of thinking it was not only a eulogy to Drum but to any good dog, your dog or mine.



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book recently published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this book is 50c, but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

## Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 17)

prairie; the noonday halt was a welcome breather for dogs and men.

"Speaking of worthless bird dogs," remarked the guide, apropos of nothing at all, "did I ever tell you about that Red Blaze dog Sam West brought over from Miami for me to train season before last?"

His companion, busy with the last of a steak sandwich, shook his head in the negative.

"Well," resumed the guide, "one evening I'm taking my ease on the porch when the phone rings. It's Sam, phoning from Miami. 'Jake,' says he, all breathless like a June bride, 'I've just bought me the best young bird dog in the State of Florida and I want you to put the

finishing touches on his education. Name of Red Blaze. I'm bringing him over this week. Cost me \$250, but whatta dog, whatta dog!' With that Sam hangs up and two, three days later he shows up with the pooch."

"Nice looking animal?" queried his companion.

"Never saw a prettier looking pointer in my life," was the reply, "and the animal's pedigree read like the Who's Who of dogdom. Man, that pup had a family tree, what I mean!"

"How did he perform?"

"Well," resumed the guide, "I was getting around to that. Mr. West was anxious to see how his new

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treasure worked so we piled the Red Blaze in the hunting car, along with old Jeff—just in case—and two or three others, and headed for that old airfield over near Arcadia."

"Used to be plenty of birds around there," observed his listener, "and also a smattering of diamondback rattlers."

"Still are," was the reply, "and we found plenty of the former that day. Those snake catchers got the rattlers pretty well cleaned up. Old Jeff did most of the bird finding. You know old Jeff," he added, eyeing a battered pointer snoozing nearby.

Yeah, his companion was aware of old Jeff's virtues. But how about the Red Blaze?

"Well," continued the guide, "we turned the Blaze loose with Jeff and another dog and in less than five minutes the Blaze was on point. Me and Sam moved in to shoot the covey rise just as Jeff came loping up to honor the Blaze's point. Jeff whipped in behind, took a couple of sniffs and kept right on going. Well. . ."

"You mean to say Jeff wouldn't honor the Blaze's stand?" interrupted the guide's companion.

"No," was the answer, "he wouldn't. You see, the Blaze was pointing a turtle."

"Oh."

"Half-hour later the Blaze freezes beside a clump of palmettos and Sam says to me, 'Jake, the Blaze has got 'em pegged this time, wait and see.' So we close in from both sides and guess what? Up gets a pair of meadowlarks!"

"Was Mr. West annoyed?"

"Well," replied the guide, "he wasn't exactly pleased. 'What that dog needs,' he says to me, 'is some of your high-class training.'" Jake lit a cigaret and then continued.

**T**HE rest of the day was a steady headache for Mr. West. That Blaze dog pointed turtles, king snakes, rabbits, mice and more meadowlarks. The dam' fool dog even pegged a skunk in a clump of palmettos. And whenever old Jeff found a covey of birds, that Blaze dog would sail right in and pop 'em before we could get up to shoot. We managed to get enough quail for a mess after putting the Blaze back in the car. Before starting home Mr. West says to me, 'Jake, you keep working with that dog and let me know how things shape up in a couple of weeks.' So I worked that dog almost daily for two weeks and if anything he got worse."

"Plain nogood, eh?"

"Damnedest fool dog I ever worked with. Finally Mr. West called up and wanted to know what was what. I didn't want to hurt his feelings too bad so I said the Blaze was coming

along a little, but not much. 'Work him harder,' says Sam. 'Work him every day.' Then I got a idea. 'Sam,' says I, 'have you got that Blaze insured against rattlesnake bite?'"

"I certainly have," he replied, "for \$250!" Well, the next day I took that no-account covey popper out, got him snake bit, and you know what?"

"No," replied his listener, "what?"

"Well, Sam West collected \$250 and never so much as give me a thin dime for my trouble!"

**N**OT one of us paid much attention to the Judge's friend when we piled into the jurist's car that frosty morning in Maryland.

"I want you boys to meet the best old-time quail hunter in the state," was all the Judge said, introducing his companion.

We all shook hands with the old gentleman in the faded gunning coat, who sat so quietly in the front seat; stowed our gun cases away and soon were rolling through a quiet back road.

"There's usually a covey near that old red barn," remarked the old-timer to the Judge, as we rolled along. "Let the dogs cover the fields on both sides and then you can work that patch of beans a bit beyond."

We parked beside the old barn, put our guns together and stuffed our pockets with shells as the old-timer sat quietly in the front seat.

"Aren't you coming with us?" someone asked.

"No," he replied, "guess I'll sit this one out. I don't get around as much as I used to. But it's nice to go along—and listen. Good luck."

So we spread out, and, sure enough, put up a covey near the red barn and another in the bean patch. There were eight birds in our game pockets when we rejoined the old gentleman, who sat so quietly in the car's front seat.

"You boys made out all right, didn't you?" he remarked with a bright smile. "I knew you would. Are the birds plump this season?"

Someone handed him a dead quail and the old gentleman stroked the bird's feathers reverently. "They are in fine condition, aren't they?" he observed, softly. He handed the bird back as the Judge stepped on the starter. "Guess we'd just as well comb out that lower 40 next," remarked the Judge, "there ought to be birds in that place."

"There always were," agreed his front seat companion.

We piled out again a few minutes later, urging the old-timer to join us in the fun. "No," was his answer, "I'll just sit here until you boys come back. Good luck!"

It wasn't until then that we realized the old quail hunter was stone blind.





# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 39)

## Elks Celebrate "Twin Birthdays" At Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge

The birthday of Stanton Rowell has become an annual occasion for celebration in Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, No. 1584, of which he is a charter member. Each year Mr. Rowell treats his fellow members to a feed after the first lodge session following his anniversary. This year the regular meeting night fell on his birthday, January 9. The Rev. H. H. Mitchell, a life member of Moscow, Ida., Lodge, was an invited guest. It was his birthday too. Both he and Mr. Rowell were born in 1866 on the same day, the former in England, the latter in Salem, Mass.

A Dutch Lunch was served after the lodge meeting and a large and beautiful birthday cake was not only admired and eaten, but "listened to." It was brought to the table on a revolving plate under which was a music box playing "Happy Birthday to You". The lodge presented Mr. Rowell with a handsome gift.

## Continuous Activity the Rule In Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Home

The Entertainment Committee of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, sponsored a wide variety of social and sports events during the Fall and Winter seasons. The efforts of Chairman Frank Polcaro and his committee, aided by the fine work of Publicity Chairman William Brophy, kept the lodge well in the front rank of the many splendid fraternal, social and service organizations of western Pennsylvania. An increase of membership has been enjoyed, 44 candidates having been initiated in one class alone.

The lodge inaugurated its 1941 program in a newly painted and redecorated building. The ballroom is one of the most beautiful in the entire section.

## Deadwood, S. D., Lodge Initiates Class at Well Attended Meeting

Deadwood, S. D., Lodge, No. 508, initiated its largest class in several years on December 5. Attorney General Leo A. Temmey, of Huron Lodge, Past Pres. of the S. D. State Elks Assn. and a Past State Commander of the American Legion, was the honor guest of the evening. For another class of the same size within the next six months, Mr. Temmey promised to give a dinner for the officers and candidates.

The regular lodge session was held at 6 p.m. followed by a turkey dinner. The initiatory ceremonies began at nine-thirty. The Deadwood officers, led by E.R. L. A. Young, exemplified the Ritual. The attendance was of so large a proportion that old timers were reminded of other outstanding events in the lodge's history. Mr. Temmey was the guest speaker, addressing the assemblage on Americanism. A social session concluded the program.

## South Haven, Mich., Elks Observe Their Lodge's Fifteenth Birthday

The celebration of its 15th birthday by South Haven, Mich., Lodge, No. 1509, was a red letter event. D.D. Owen J. Gavigan, of Ludington, paid his official visit at that time and the "Charter Member Class", honoring the remaining twelve charter members of

No. 1509, was initiated. The South Haven officers officiated, assisted in the ceremonies by members of the Drill Team wearing their new uniforms.

Exalted Rulers and delegations from most of the lodges in the vicinity attended the birthday banquet and meeting. P.D.D.'s William T. Evans, Muskegon, and Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small, of St. Joseph, were present. South Haven Lodge progressed steadily last year and increased its membership materially.

## Elk Golfers of Southern California Finish One Season—Begin Another

Elk golfers of the California South Central District sat in choice seats at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. The eight players on the championship team from Inglewood Lodge No. 1492 received two tickets each for the Stanford-Nebraska game as a reward for their team play victories.

Sponsored by Lancaster Lodge No. 1625, the final tournament of 1940, known as the president's trophy tournament, was played over the local course at the Piute Country Club, with the president's cup at stake and 18 other valuable merchandise prizes which had been secured by members of Lancaster Lodge. Fred McAdam, Art Stege and Charles Padias, members of No. 1625, were in charge of the golfing activities of the day; Ted Jones and Bud Redman supervised the entertainment portion of the program. The many ladies present were shown every attention. An old-fashioned desert barbecue was served by the lodge committee after which the winners received their prizes at ceremonies held in the club house. The presentations were made by Burt Brooks of Inglewood Lodge, Pres. of the Southern California Elks' Golf League. Henry Ward, of Inglewood, won the president's cup.

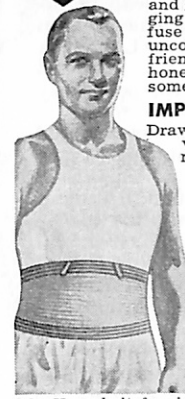
Team play was resumed this year, with home and home matches, the first being scheduled for the latter part of February. The 1941 officers of the League are Conrad Lewis, of Whittier Lodge, President, Bob Hamble, Long Beach, Vice-President, and E.R. W. W. Moore, of Alhambra Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer.

## Students See Patriotic Film As Guests of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge

Through the courtesy of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, more than two thousand pupils and teachers from public and parochial schools in Dubuque and the immediate vicinity witnessed showings of the technicolor sound film, "Man Without a Country", in one month's time. Past Exalted Ruler Louis B. Bray, Chairman of the Elks' Committee in charge of showing the picture, stated that the film has been shown forty-two different times during the month and that every showing had brought expressions of appreciation from educators and others who witnessed it. The picture was also presented before the staff and nurses of St. Joseph Mercy Hospital.

In nearly every school a patriotic program was presented by the children in connection with the exhibition. Besides placing the picture in the schools, the lodge distributed nearly 7,000 copies of the Constitution of the United States among students above the sixth grade.

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### **Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge Honors Its Twenty-five Year Members**

A banquet, with an attendance of 125, preceded an outstanding meeting held recently by Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143, in honor of its 25-year members. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, a former member of No. 1143, delivered an inspiring address in the capacity filled lodge room.

E.R. Everett W. Schlosser opened the lodge session and then turned the meeting over to George A. Epperson who acted as General Chairman during the presentation of Elk emblems to the 32 members of the 25-year class. Grand Tiler Jacob L. Sherman and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger of Denver gave short talks. Interesting is the fact that nine of the 32 members were initiated by P.E.R. H. C. Giese, while 12 of them joined the lodge when Mr. Coen was serving as Secretary.

### **East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Gives Flags to Local Draft Boards**

A beautiful silk American flag was given recently by East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, to each of two local draft boards, Numbers 5 and 6. Officials of both boards attended the ceremonies.

Participating in the presentation were E.R. David T. Rosenthal, P.E.R.'s Russell F. Robinson and Allen P. Twyman who is Chairman of Draft Board No. 5, and Ray W. Feik, Superintendent of Public Schools and a member of the Crippled Children's Committee of No. 981. The lodge has received public commendation for its generosity and patriotic spirit.

### **Asheville, N. C., Lodge to Build Mountain Cottage for Recreation**

Through the work of the Trustees of Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1401, headed by Plato D. Ebbs, during the past few years, a new lodge home has been built,

decorated and furnished. The officers and members are exceedingly proud of having one of the best homes in the section. The building has been praised highly by members of other lodges who have dropped in on No. 1401 or attended its meetings and social affairs.

A recent proposal to build a recreation cottage in the nearby mountains was received with enthusiasm. E.R. Worth E. McKinney appointed a committee to act in cooperation with the trustees in the formulation of plans for a summer home with adequate facilities for the entertainment of the members and visiting Elks. Members of the Order in large numbers come annually as tourists to enjoy the season in the Great Smoky Mountain lands.

### **Two Committees Handle Charity Work of Providence, R. I., Lodge**

A delegation of Elks from Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, paid one of their periodical visits to St. Joseph's Hospital Annex at Hillsgrove, R. I., not long ago. Gifts were distributed among the patients and a vaudeville show was presented. Acting on behalf of the committee, E.R. Walter J. Friel made the presentation to the hospital of an appropriate gift—a machine for washing, waxing and drying floors. Edward J. Coyle was in charge of the afternoon's ceremonies.

Providence Lodge continues to command plenty of attention in southern New England because of its charitable record in aiding so many groups and individuals in need of a helping hand. The Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by Lieut. William McTernan, and the Lodge Activities Committee, headed by John C. Buckley, have been praised highly for their fine work. Thousands of pairs of shoes, sneakers, stockings and overshoes, and quantities of underwear, sweaters, etc., have been distributed among children, regardless of creed or color. The weekly Saturday evening Charity Party is a prime factor in raising funds.

### **Virginia City, Mont., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class**

Virginia City, Mont., Lodge, No. 390, initiated the largest class of new members in its history recently. After the meeting the lodge was host to 225 members and visiting Elks and their ladies at a dance and entertainment. Throughout the evening a turkey supper was served in the kitchen, buffet style, a novel and popular feature.

Thirty-eight of the 40 candidates elected to membership for the occasion were initiated. Two were sons of charter members. In addition, two Elks were affiliated by dimit. From a percentage standpoint the lodge deserves a high rating on the size and caliber of the class which included the county sheriff, the local postmaster and seven school teachers. All of the candidates were responsible and influential men of the county. Virginia City has a population of but 275; the county is the jurisdiction from which the lodge draws its membership. Short talks were made by D.D. Joseph Sullivan of Anaconda, State Vice-Pres. Frank Venable, Butte, State Trustee C. M. Holbert, Virginia City, P.D.D. L. Ott Gordon, Dillon, E.R. Leo C. Musburger, Virginia City, and E.R. Frank J. O'Keefe, Dillon. Mr. Holbert and Mr. Venable also addressed the ladies who were entertained with a special program, including bingo, during the lodge session.

As an added feature, prizes were awarded for various merits and accomplishments to C. M. Holbert for being a member of the lodge the longest continuous period of years, Howard Weatherwax, a visitor having the longest continuous record as an Elk, J. C. Roberts of Spokane for being the Elk farthest from his home lodge, Mr. Sullivan, District Deputy, for being the smallest Elk present, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Gohn, adjudged the best waltzers. The Exalted Ruler and his committees were credited with the success with which the program was carried out.

## **An Appeal from the Grand Exalted Ruler to Every Officer of Our Subordinate Lodges and the Members of the Pershing Class**

YOU have already heard from Colonel William H. Kelly, the very able Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, regarding the Grand Exalted Ruler's and Subordinate Lodge Officers' Class which is now being initiated in every lodge during the months of February and March.

This class will, in my opinion, total fifteen thousand in number with the splendid cooperation of the newly elected members of the Pershing Class. If it does, our Order will have on April first a membership totaling 500,000 which will be our largest enrollment in many, many years.

I am frankly stating to you that this is one of the paramount aims of my administration, because I realize that our ability to serve our country depends not only upon our patriotic desire to do so, but also upon our numerical strength.

Won't you, therefore, cooperate with Colonel Kelly and his Grand Lodge Activities Committee during these months and each of you present a candidate to be initiated in your lodge?

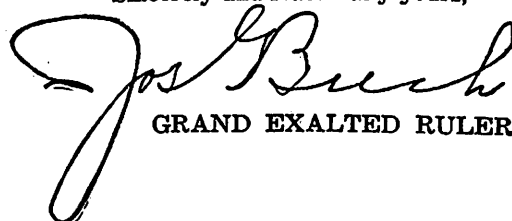
The Pershing Class members are also volunteering

to do the same thing and I desire to commend this first activity on their part as members of our Order.

This is our February and March program. A new member by each lodge officer. A new member secured through the effort of every member of the Pershing Class in your lodge. I am depending on you to make the Grand Exalted Ruler's and Subordinate Lodge Officers' Class a success.

May I express the hope that I may meet you all face to face in Philadelphia in July and thank you for what you have done in building our Order's membership to what it should be as America's greatest patriotic fraternity?

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

  
GRAND EXALTED RULER



# THE GRAND LODGE Convention

In Philadelphia, Pa., July, 1941

IT ISN'T alone ideal geographical location that brings the Army-Navy football game to Philadelphia every year. For that matter New York would fill the bill, since it is half way or nearly half way between West Point and Annapolis. Again, the fact that Philadelphia is the birthplace of American Independence wasn't the sole circumstance that brought the Convention of Elks for 1941 to the Quaker City for the first time since 1907.

The answer and reason is that Philadelphia can house and entertain the biggest convention in such an inimitable fashion that it wasn't in the nature of a surprise that members of the American Bar Association, which convened in Philadelphia last September, voted it the finest convention city at which the lawyers had ever held their conclave.

In the beginning let me lay low one ghost, that is that Philadelphia doesn't go in for entertainment, specifically night clubs. Pick up a copy of *Variety Magazine*, turn to the page where the night club and vaudeville entertainers are listed and you'll find that the town is second only to New York in the number of performers working—and not far behind at that. Just in confidence, it'll cost you less to watch them. Speaking of entertainment there's its handmaiden: food. You've heard of Philadelphia Cream Cheese, of course; then there's the famous pepper pot soup, the unbeatable ice cream and the charcoal-broiled steaks, to say nothing of matchless brewery products, only natural when you consider that Pennsylvania is the foremost beer drinking State in the Nation.

Ideally located as a focal point for sightseeing is the Elks lodge building at 1320 Arch Street. You stroll several blocks west on the Parkway and find yourself in the center of Logan Square. Looking around from here, you imagine you are in the Place de la Concorde in Paris, as the streets pencil away in every direction like the twelve boulevards from the Arc de Triomphe. Here are buildings which simulate the Paris scene—the Public Library and the newly constructed Palace of Justice. Back of you is the famous Franklin Institute, housing also the Fels Planetarium.

A guide in Naples, on learning that I was from Philadelphia, said, "Oh, yes, Benjamin Franklin and the *Saturday Evening Post*." It is only fitting then that one of the major attractions for sightseers should be the Franklin Institute where you personally may perform two thousand experiments in physics and chemistry, from bending a ray of light to running one of the hugest locomotives in the world; where you may sit for forty marvelous minutes, stunned and awed by the beauty and majesty of the ever-changing heavenly scene in the Planetarium.

A few steps across the Parkway is the Rodin Museum, founded by Jules Mastbaum. Here is one of the

three molds poured from the original of The Thinker; here the bust of George Bernard Shaw, which frightened the Irish playwright's wife, so startling the likeness; here the stark seaminess of the Old Courtesan.

A few hundred yards west stands the \$20,000,000 Art Museum, housing among others the famous John G. Johnson collection, then along Boat House row in Fairmount Park, the finest and largest municipal park in the world. Numerous and magnificent are the sights here, including Horticultural Hall commemorating the great Fair of 1876. Along the winding Schuylkill, fifteen minutes' drive finds you at Wissahickon Creek. Edgar Allan Poe, himself a native Philadelphian, raved in poetic form of the Wissahickon's beauty, and countless visitors have been in hearty if unknowing accord since.

Now we arrive at the scene of the famous battle of Germantown, the Chew Mansion, then back to town to the more famous historical exhibits. You'll see Independence Hall at Sixth and Chestnut Streets, housing the Liberty Bell, and its adjoining buildings where met the first Supreme Court of the United States and where the American Philosophical Society was born. You will see also the Betsy Ross house at 239 Arch Street, where the first American Flag was made; the grave of Benjamin Franklin at 5th and Arch Streets, and Carpenters Hall at 3rd and Chestnut Streets, where met the first Continental Congress.

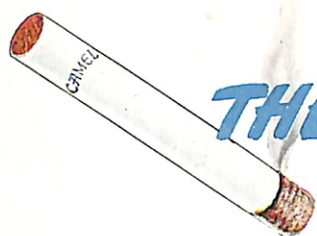
A great round of entertainment is planned for visitors and while the program will be announced in later editions of your Magazine, it is apropos at this point to note that the Mummers Parade, the only one of its kind in the world, will be a part of the Elks Parade. Annually, people troop from all over the State and from adjoining States to witness the Mummers Parade, a Philadelphia institution. Speaking of Philadelphia institutions there is the world-renowned Philadelphia Orchestra. It won't be functioning as the Philadelphia Orchestra in July, of course, but as the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, the personnel being the same. You'll want to go to this al fresco musical entertainment in Fairmount Park for an experience unforgettable, because of the great beauty of the natural setting, the excellence of the performance.

Many will want to take the motor-coach ride to the Longwood Gardens near Kennett Square to view a floral exhibition considered the superior of the Tuileries Gardens in Paris and the Public Gardens at Halifax. Others will enjoy the show-boat ride down the Delaware to Wilmington. Then, if you're museum-minded, you'll delight in the famous bird-life exhibitions at the Academy of Natural Sciences, the ancient wonders contained in the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

You see that I skip from boat rides to antediluvian objects. I do it purposely. The reason is that Philadelphia has everything to make it the ideal convention city.



IN A CIGARETTE



**THE SMOKE'S THE THING!**

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR, AND —

**28%**

**LESS NICOTINE**

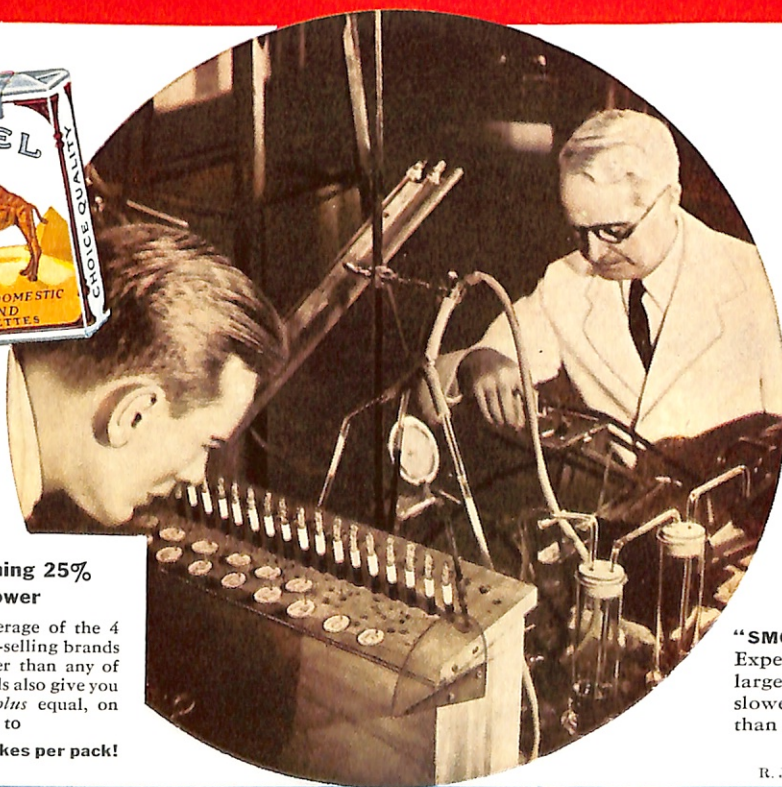
than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself



By burning 25% slower

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 extra smokes per pack!



WHEN you get right down to it, a cigarette is only as flavorful—only as cool—only as mild—as it smokes. The smoke's the thing!

Obvious—yes, but important—all-important because what you get in the smoke of your cigarette depends so much on the way your cigarette burns.

Science has pointed out that Camels are definitely slower-burning (*see left*). That means a smoke with more mildness, more coolness, and more flavor.

Now—Science confirms another important advantage of slower burning... of Camels.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! Less than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—28% less than the average!

Light up a Camel... a s-l-o-w-burning Camel... and smoke out the facts for yourself. The smoke's the thing!

**"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS** about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —**